

WIRE

FREE 20 TRACK CD

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Illusion Of Safety

X.A.Cute & Mike Ladd

Talvin Singh

Kaffe Matthews

and more

Gudrun Gut

J DILLA

HENRY GRIMES

MICHAEL ROTHER

HENRY COM

Benga

Robert Hood

Religious Knives

Cory Arcangel

Daniel Padden

THE WIRE 200 APRIL 2003
ADVENTURES IN MODERN MUSIC
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Toshio Iwai / Robert Lippok / Pato / Satoshi / I am Robert and Pussol / Nathan Michel / Safety Screens and more...

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Toshio Iwai / Robert Lippok / Satoshi / I am Robert and Pussol / Nathan Michel / Safety Screens and more...

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Toshio Iwai / Jim O'Rourke / Nites Heart / Paul de Jong from The Books / To Rococo Rot and more...

Free Entrance



Emika Iwai
(audio artist)



To Rococo Rot
(Dance)



Robert Lippok
(records)



Satoshi
(beat box)



Andi Borne
from Mistral on Mars
(DJing)



Nathan Michel
(DJing)



Nites Heart
(audio artist)



Safety Screens
(DJing)



I am Robert and Pussol
(DJing)



Pato
(DJing)



Jim O'Rourke
(DJing)



Paul de Jong
from The Books
(DJing)



<http://www.global.yamaha.com/tenori-on>



Gudrun Gut photographed by Elif Gerslert

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Your track by track guide to this month's free CD



01 Our Steeplecote Forest

Remade
Remade Our Steeplecote Forest (Remastered)
 Our Steeplecote Forest is a female group who create a blend of Ambient andymphonic folk. Josh Partridge, Paul Jones and Sam Paine have been making music together for two years. "Remade" is the first song on this tribute album to Remastered, which they completed when they were aged 12



02 Remade

The Corner Station (EP1)
Remade Corner Station (EP1)
 South London based collective whose members come from different corners of the alternative scene. Their debut album features the combined talents of Frank Pynn, Ben Cowen, TD, Chelsea Stuart, Tom Wintour and Lucas Suarez. Inspired by live shows and rhythms generated by cheap samplers and drum machines, the group revel in the joy of analogue repetition, throwing in short cultural one-liners (pubs, football, nostalgia) and digital syncretism and vocals.



03 Nico Mulhry

Not In London - Set 1 (EP1)
Not In London - Set 1 (EP1)
 Nico Mulhry graduated as a composer from the Juilliard School of Music and his works have been performed by various international orchestras and ensembles. He has worked closely with Philip Glass as well as, longformist and conductor, and has written film scores for *Cracking Mike* (2006) and *Justus* (2007). He has also been collaborator of choice for Björk, Will Oldham, Antony of The Jeffersons, and Icelandic musician Vilgís Sigurðsson, who released Mulhry's debut album on his Bedroom Community label last year.



04 DP Fitzgerald & Laila Corbell

School Of The Wire (EP1)
School Of The Wire (EP1)
 School Of The Wire (EP1) is a tribute album to the Wire, featuring covers of Wire songs by various artists. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.

Feeling Good (EP1)
Feeling Good (EP1)
 The Wire label has released a tribute album to the Wire, featuring covers of Wire songs by various artists. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



05 KA Cate featuring Mike Ladd

Sound of The Wire (EP1)
Sound of The Wire (EP1)
 KA Cate featuring Mike Ladd is a tribute album to the Wire, featuring covers of Wire songs by various artists. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



06 David Piggins in Sonoma

40 Shades Of Piggins
40 Shades Of Piggins
 David Piggins is a multi-instrumentalist and producer. He has released several albums, including *40 Shades Of Piggins*, which features a variety of tracks. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



07 Fluorocent Grey

Fluorocent Grey (EP1)
Fluorocent Grey (EP1)
 Fluorocent Grey is a multi-instrumentalist and producer. He has released several albums, including *Fluorocent Grey*, which features a variety of tracks. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.

Between Two Worlds (EP1)
Between Two Worlds (EP1)
 Between Two Worlds is a tribute album to the Wire, featuring covers of Wire songs by various artists. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



08 Kelle Mathews

Remade Butter (EP1)
Remade Butter (EP1)
 Kelle Mathews is a multi-instrumentalist and producer. He has released several albums, including *Remade Butter*, which features a variety of tracks. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



09 Alvin Evans & Anton Mikhlin

Engineer (EP1)
Engineer (EP1)
 Alvin Evans & Anton Mikhlin are multi-instrumentalists and producers. They have released several albums, including *Engineer*, which features a variety of tracks. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



10 Telen Singh

Fluorocent Grey (EP1)
Fluorocent Grey (EP1)
 Telen Singh is a multi-instrumentalist and producer. He has released several albums, including *Fluorocent Grey*, which features a variety of tracks. The album was released in 2010 and is available on the Wire label.



Henry Girman

It's inevitable that each month brings word of a number of figures no longer part of our musical world. For me, imagine with us long a cultural memory as The Who doles out a promotion and a celebration of its 50th anniversary. In the case of the death of producer/producer, these are not the death of someone whose musical influence is as important, but also a sense of achievement in reflecting that the single figure opened such a large period of modern music. Maerz was not just a man to Miles Davis's still mounting fusion of rock and jazz, but he was there in the 1960s, working with Duke Ellington — a figure born right at the end of the 19th century.

But while artist death seems to be everywhere, the terms of death are less easy to sense. Music artists in the past of course were not the same as they are today, but to that point, the death of Duke Ellington, whose influence has grown since his tragically early death in 1968. It is not worse at comprehending the subtle but revelatory processes of renewal of an artist's life. Instead, musicians know simply through their public or performance personas become doomed to carry it like a burden until they eventually either use it as a weapon or not.

Death is a valuable commodity for much of the music industry, and whether you can introduce new complexities and moments into an artist's work is an issue that has been in the air since the 1960s. In the case of the death of Duke Ellington, it is a matter of the death of a man whose influence has grown since his tragically early death in 1968. It is not worse at comprehending the subtle but revelatory processes of renewal of an artist's life. Instead, musicians know simply through their public or performance personas become doomed to carry it like a burden until they eventually either use it as a weapon or not.

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Letters

Write to: Letters, The Wire, 23 Jack's Place, 6 Corbet Place, London E1 6NN
fax +44 (0)20 7422 5011, email letters@thewire.co.uk



Credit where due: Andrew WK

Now be thankful

I just wanted to point out – in a friendly way – that I did NOT produce the new *Dady Den* album, *Den Inside The Day*. The album was produced by Mike Sweeney and Will Oldham. I think you might already be aware of this, but I'm just making sure. As stated in an editorial and said in my *Inside Jukebox* interview (The Wire 268).

Just wanted to give credit where credit is due. It was my great honour to play bass and drums on the album, but so much as I would've loved to have produced it, all production credit goes to Matt, Will, and, of course, Den.

Regardless, thanks again for a fun experience – listening to these songs was a real treat. It felt great to pay respect to so much music I love, and to so many of the people whose lives impacted my life. I'm eternally grateful.

Andrew WK via email

All gets open

The appearance of Andrew WK gives me an excuse to write an endorsement on what I see as one of the 21st century's most accessible traits. While dedicated to the avant-garde in all its forms, I quite like the fact that the magazine is willing to devote space to artists that fell into the category of "pop music." Seeing Richard, Mike, Paddy, Phrasia and M-WK (four examples off the top of my head) intelligently discussed, usefully contextualises the supposed existing boundaries between experimental and more popular forms of music. It's good to know that (a) despite moaning "Party Head" (see below), Mr WK also feels free to produce Lee Perry, and perform philosophically textured freejams; and that (b) The Wire

is open-minded enough to give him some space to speak his (obviously complex) mind. Admittedly all I heard, but please, don't go over with this *wordism* immediately. I would consider to see Coltrane in the Outer Limits column.

Josh Cole Kingston, Oshawa, Canada

Spin cycles

"People have been telling me a lot lately that I'm moving in circles!" says Andrew WK in his *Inside Jukebox*. But it doesn't. It moves in spirals, like a track on vinyl. To be more scientific: life is a cosmic jukebox playing an infinite number of audiotapes of itself, generating physical sounds around an innumerable oblique axis. References to this spiral complexity (and consequent confusion) are embedded in everyday speech – "I'm in a bit of a spin", "I don't know which way to turn", "give it a spin", "twirl and swirl", "swirl you", "I hear you coiling", "it's the same old wheel over", "it needs more drops into the same groove hole", and so onwards and upwards, or downwards, but always around and around. If life doesn't exist, it would be necessary to invent them. I hope this clarifies the matter.

Alexander Baker via email

Notes from the keyboard

In response to the review of my CD *What You Can Throw* (Soundcheck, The Wire 268), I would like to say that my words quoted in the liner notes are as clearly intended to embrace or denigrate the work of Cecil Taylor. To the contrary, I consider him to be one of the great innovators of jazz piano, and I have spent years learning to and studying his music.

I would first like to respond to the suggestion that "I needed the number of notes [I can throw in] the overall harmonic palette to which I am drawn is the 12-tone aggregate, which means I seek to use every note possible. The manner in which I choose to bring structure to my music is not all that different from how Cecil Taylor structures his music, namely pitch-class sets, in the parlance of set theory, or as Taylor refers to them, *cell structures*. Along those same lines, when I am quoted in the liner notes as stating that free music without structure can exhibit a "certain sameness" I was referring primarily to my own work. It has been my experience that when I have the inkling to do as I do myself, I tend to play the same thing, and it is my goal to provide more variety and depth to my music than at present offers. When I "limit the material used", I am trying to adhere to the material chosen for the piece, whether one calls it pitch-class set or a unit structure, for the sake of coherence, and I hope for the sake of distinction.

To clarify the quote concerning my listening to stride pianists, I said I find it "useful" in my search for a two-handed style that isn't strictly drawn from "Cool" to suggest that I seek to avoid "one-handedness" to Cecil in the misanthropic my meaning. I have always tried to understand so much of the history of jazz piano as possible, and by learning to play stride and boogie-woogie, I am better able to understand the broader historical context of Cecil Taylor's work. I would like to understand better how Cecil came to develop his style, at nearly copy the end result.

My goal as a musician is to speak with a voice that is distinctly my own, and I'm in no way prepared to have created anything that supersedes his achievements. Not his that ever leave my ambition. I love the music of Cecil Taylor in his capable hands.

Steve Lintner via email

Generation gap

Given to read a recent account of John Butcher's art (The Wire 268), but I'd like to raise a point of information. John is controversialised as a leading voice of a second generation of UK improvisers. He is a wonderfully inventive, original player, but not second generation, not even third. There is a roll call I might make elsewhere: some now dead, disappeared or retired, others determinedly active, but second generation in London included those who played at venues like the Little Theatre Club, the Unity Theatre and the Echo Poly, produced *Music! Magazine*, released music on *Real Records*, then founded the London Musicians Collective.

David Todd London, UK

Omission accomplished

While reading Nick Boddington's review of *Am Hear Of Don* (see "Classics of Jazz in The Wire 268"), I noticed every musician present on the recordings was mentioned except Francis Amisani (John Ethrie, Le Senter Lamineux, Ste-Sophie, etc.) I don't know if this omission was deliberate or an editorial neglect, but I thought it was appropriate to bring it to your attention. Thanks for the good work!

Oliver Roscoe Montreal, Canada

Corrections

June 2009 In the Michael Hurley piece, the phrase "high ordered" "burly on the road" despite his old friend Henry Hubcap, aka Thomas Huber Hurley's *Live In Edinburgh* CD (*Blue Navigator*) was produced by Yanny Beavitt, not Brendan Forrester. Apologies to Michael and Brendan for the errors.

In Soundcheck: Hedrick's *Medley Miller* (The Wire) was released by Soundcheck, not Barring Day. (C)



Sonic Youth
A Thousand Hell Horses

New 45-minute CD-length album of re-recorded tracks from NYC's iconic Sonic Youth is the combined effort from the NYC-based 5-piece band and a 2000 studio track left gradually less detailed.



Junkbox
Live

Brooklyn's iconic garage-rock and no-wave pioneers Junkbox will bring their live show to the attention of the world.



Port Village
Aesthetically Sound

Following their 1998 debut, Port Village's second album, *Aesthetically Sound*, is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *Port Village* and *Port Village*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



It's Radio
It's Radio

A truly brilliant, authentic, and unique collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *It's Radio* is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *It's Radio* and *It's Radio*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



Whitehouse
Live in the Sun

Whitehouse's first live album, *Live in the Sun*, is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *Live in the Sun* and *Live in the Sun*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



Tall Firs
Ten Cents a Dozen

Working a series of double-album releases, Tall Firs' *Ten Cents a Dozen* is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *Ten Cents a Dozen* and *Ten Cents a Dozen*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



Accosters
Accosters

Accosters' first album, *Accosters*, is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *Accosters* and *Accosters*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



The Microphones
The Slow P.D.

The Slow P.D. is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *The Slow P.D.* and *The Slow P.D.*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.



William S. Burroughs
The River

The River is a collection of songs from the band's first two albums, *The River* and *The River*. It was recorded by John Dwyer, Captain Jack's son, and is a tribute to the band's first two albums.

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Bitstream

News and more from under the radar



Yasushi Onawa (right) with Sergio Rosen

Yasushi Onawa, bassist in Keiji Haino's psych rock group *Fushitsusha*, died on 7 February, aged 50. Onawa began his musical career while an art student studying under Tetsuya Kikuchi in Tokyo in the mid-70s, performing with The East Wind Symphony and, later, Marginal Concept.

Legendary American jazz producer **Teo Macero** died on 18 February in New Haven, New York, aged 85. Although originally a professional studio saxophonist with several albums to his name, by far his best known and most innovative work was as producer of jazz stars such as Duke Ellington, Thelma Houston, Miles, Ella Fitzgerald and Miles Davis. He studied at the Juilliard School of Music in the 1940s, going on to work with Charles Mingus in the Jazz Composers' Workshop, and was subsequently employed by Columbia Records. There, he produced Miles's groundbreaking modal jazz classic *Kind Of Blue*, and in the early '70s he was instrumental in introducing the trumpet to the groundbreaking use of tape editing and studio trickery, beginning with Weather Report. Macero also composed and arranged well at the end of his life, scoring films and releasing his own compositions through his own label, Teowoodlings.

Heavyweight reggae producer **Joe Gibbon** died of a heart attack on 21 February at the age of 66. Gibbon – real name Joel Gibbon – produced some of the leading reggae acts of the 1970s including Roy Sharpe, Dennis Brown and Culture. Throughout most of the '70s Gibbon worked with record engineer and producer Errol Thompson, together known as The Mighty Two, whose output started numerous hits.

Di Niche, the first direct mail order and distributor of experimental/avant garde and simply interesting music in Newbury City, is set to go live again. Set up by the seven people behind the London all music presenter Nu Signal, it will concentrate on the kind of music covered in *The Wire*. It will be launched as part of the RADAR festival in April in Mexico City. Their stand will include copies of *The Wire* – a mobile partner to the festival. Check www.diniche.org for updates.

The third edition of *Radio Three Sound* will take place on 23–26 June. The event, under the umbrella of the Alderburgh Music Festival, will kick off with London Waves' performance of Stockhausen's *Stimmung* at Snape Maltings. After that comes a film and music

programme (including the only film ever made by Dr Smoak), and a finale at the Broomfield Artspace in an acoustically suited chamber known as Hush House. The finale, broadcast over an eight-channel audio system, will include performances by Mind Cello and the Silver Delay, plus a visit by Geyata www.fasterthanradio.com

This year's *Supersonic Festival* will take place from 11–13 July at the Caribbea Factory in Birmingham. Artists include *Batfink*, who played at the 2009 event, Hervey Milk, Wooden Ships, Earth and Oxbone, among many others: www.supersonic.org.uk/Supersonic

Composer **Luigi Nono**'s work *Prometeo* can be experienced at London's South Bank Centre on 5–10 May. The UK premiere of Nono's last major work before his death in 1994 will attract notable artists, two conductors and myriad peak names, all organised into 'sound islands' by a live electronic studio setup.

Cell has been made available as 'nationwide touring'. Live in Porto, through www.theshellhouse.com. The touring is of a 2003 trio performance in Portugal from a night where Jorge Drexler was too ill to play.

Sometimes *Slint* and *Turkmen* guitarist **David Pajo** has formed a new Metal-legend project called *Dead Child* with fellow Metalheads by Mykky, Ted Cack, Michael McMahon and Gaben. This group release their album this month. According to *Guerrilla Record* it follows the group down a "Mekong path" at the end of which a "five-headed Frankenstein walking amongst the trees" can be found.

The Arts Center in Melbourne, Australia has published a new book to commemorate its recent *Nick Cave* exhibition. Called *Nick Cave Stories*, it follows the life of Cave from Oz to the present, with personal anecdotes and has been readily set to the album.

A comprehensive online history of influential punk and independent record label **New Hormones** has recently been unveiled online at newhormonesonline.com. Founded by members of *The Pastorelli* and run by their manager Richard Bode, the label was home to *Slint*, *Turkmen* (featuring *The Wire* contributor Ken Hilgall), *Diagram Brothers*, *Loud* and others.

Massive Attack are to coincide the year's Midtown Festival at the South Bank Centre in London between 16–22 June. The lineup has yet to be announced. The group are also currently working on a new album, set for September release.

American Fourth World trumpeter **Jon Hassell** has teamed up with The Voice Project – a 100 piece opera

ensemble just about based in New York, to set *Jon Hassell* has composed a piece to play with the choir which will be performed on 17 May at St Andrew's Hall in the city.

As previously reported (*The Wire* 283), the **London Musician's Collective** has had its funding cut, effective from 31 March. The LMC was founded in 1975 and since then has organised an eclectic and adventurous schedule of events featuring some of the most adventurous and important international artists of the past 30 years, along with organising the season of London's only community arts radio station *Resonance FM*. The radio station is a separate entity and is unaffected by this budget decision. www.lmc.org.uk



Helena Espvall

Helena Espvall, exiled from psych-folkies papers, has completed a collaborative album with Matsko Back of Great, apparently titled *Helena Espvall And Matsko Back*, which is due to be released this summer on Deep City. According to reports the album will contain several traditional Swedish songs, improvisations and also original tunes by the duo.

British drum 'n' bass DJ **Gravedigger** has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment by authorities in Dubai. Gravedigger, whose real name is Raymond Dingham, was arrested at Dubai International Airport on 27 November last year for the possession of 12.16 grams of cannabis.

Hugh Hefner – the film maker, improv musician and promoter of the many incarnations of *London's 101* – will turn 70 over the next 20 years – in other words, on 17 April. Hefner will be holding a benefit in aid of himself at The Cross Kings in King's Cross. The line-up, for this special event is as yet unconfirmed. From April, the club will continue at Magglin's Bar in Stoke Newington on Tuesday nights and once a month at The Cross Kings. □

The Joined-up World of *The Wire*

2 Reviews



www.thewire.co.uk

New items going up on *The Wire*'s official site during April include a new track from Invisible Jukebox subject Michael Rother, a hard-to-find J Dilla production, news from Gadsen God and Pelagius Knives, a photo gallery from Glasgow's latest film festival (see On Location and On Site), and a competition to win tickets to this year's Fuzz! Then Sound festival (see Out There).

Additionally, we've been restoring the new site with much missed material from our old site including adding the full set of MP3s to our MP3

library plus, as On Air Extras, a number of special radio shows that were commissioned by Resonance 104.4 FM.

Other recent additions to the site include the wonderful transcript of Marc Maron's invisible Jukebox feed with Andrew WK, which appeared in *The Wire* 201, an MP3 of an exclusive, unissued Andrew WK track, music from Michael Hurley, John Butcher, Baby Dee, Vladislav Gelay, Sightings and Wooden Shipt, plus audio streams of some of the sets recorded last November during *The Wire* 20 season, including Matsen, Laub, Sonny Sarinane with Tight Mean, Rafael Kant with Roger Bernier, Van Bunkles and John Tobias with Spring Head Jack, Christian Marclay's Screen Play and more.

Below The Radar

This month *The Wire* takes over London's Whitechapel Gallery to host *Below The Radar*, the latest instalment in the magazine's pioneering series of live music events featuring some of the UK's premier outsider/undiscovered artists. This edition has been programmed in collaboration with the Treacher label and features a rare solo guitar set by J. Specimen (aka Spiritualized's Jason Pierce) plus sets from drummer Alex Ward and drummer Mark Sanders. All ticket holders will get a free handmade and numbered Treacher CD-R featuring music by all the musicians appearing on the night. The action takes place at East London's Whitechapel

Gallery on 10 April, kick-off 7pm, tickets £5/£5 www.whitechapel.org, www.treacher.org

Adventures In Modern Music on Resonance 104.4 FM

The *Wire*'s weekly show on the UK's only arts radio station is broadcast across Central London on 104.4 FM every Thursday between 9-10.30pm, with simultaneous streaming at www.resonancefm.com. Recent editions of the show, all of which are archived at www.thewire.co.uk as downloadable MP3s or streams, have featured guest mixes from Matmos & Drew Daniel (21 January), Hot Chip's Alexis Taylor (7 February) and Wadland's Sound (28 February).

Issue 201

The May issue of *The Wire* will be on sale from 10 April.

For more updates on what's happening in *The Joined-up World of The Wire*, sign up to the *Wire*dot, our fortnightly newsletter, or subscribe to our RSS feeds, both at www.thewire.co.uk

NB If you have problems finding copies of *The Wire* in the shops, please let us know by emailing sub@thewire.co.uk. Or better still, take out a subscription to www.thewire.co.uk subscribed, that way you'll never again have to go looking for an issue of the magazine; it will come to you!

Trip Or Squeek By Savage Pencil



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Benga

By Derek Walsley



STYLING: JANE BINGE

Waveform transmissions

Croydon, home of Benga and Skream and dubstep's ground zero, has a reputation as a cultural vacuum at the bottom end of Greater London: a place of concrete, featureless shopping centres and urban mud. Arriving at East Croydon station on a piercingly bright winter's day, it doesn't quite feel like that. The modern, European-style train network operates with great efficiency, boarding can be heard on the still wet, and clanging office towers and aspirational shopping malls are being constructed just round the corner. Benga, a veteran producer while still barely in his twenties, knows Croydon's reputation far too well – and by extension, that of dubstep itself – with scepticism and good humour. "Some places are just moody," he explains, "maybe you go out and want to hear music, but it's not really music. Maybe it's all part of making me a dark producer."

The phrase is repeated by an explicit or, sarcastic laugh. Despite the unbridled heaviness of Benga's tracks, there's something off-kilter about both his music and demeanour. He wants me to sit on the bench that he's got too distracted if he's in his studio, insisting on buying the drinks, and nipping excitedly to the table to invite his boss.

It was the dynamic "Night": Benga's recent collaboration with Digital Mystikz's Cole and featured on Benga's forthcoming album, that played a large role in revitalising dubstep in 2007. Much of the genre had fallen into a trading half-step style sarcastically branded "wobblestep", with rigid beats and endless rumbles of vibrantly identical low and vibrations. With "Night", one of the most subtle was to find an escape from the gravitational pull of bass weights, eventually falling upon a distinctive whistling riff that has become instantly recognisable among dubsters. Grime and even funky and soulful. He uses DJ sets. "With Cole," he says, "I'll write something, he'll break it. We'll come up with a riff, it'll be a bit boring, so we'll move on – and then,

like, 200 beats later we come back to it and come up with something fresh. Most basslines are like more modulated oscillation, but this is just a sawwave."

"Night" juxtaposes this regaling, baby refrain with an almost vertiginous sense of depth. Metallic textures shudder deep in the mix, like metal gliding a mile away. "At heart," says Benga, "I've come from dark sort of music. I was listening to drum 'n' bass growing up. I was listening to DJ Zinc, Moving Shadow, Rude Records. I was about 12, listening to Hutter Smith tapes." And at the turn of the decade, he was a precocious young DJ hanging out at Croydon's Big Apple record store ("I'd be down there at one o'clock and they'd be like, 'Why are you not at school?' – I'd be in my uniform"). Big Apple's DJ Hutshe gave Benga advice on making beats, which he was creating at home on a PlayStation. "Hutshe would say you need to do this, you need to add the Mooby he was like, it needs to be darker, it needs to be darker, darker," he laughs. "But you can achieve that darkness by putting notes together, through chords."

Despite being part of Croydon's dubstep fraternity, Benga is a producer as almost exclusively a lone operator. His first proper album release, *Shiny Of An Afro Warrior*, strips dubstep's palette down to its bare bones, eschewing standard filler material such as guest vocalists or familiar reggae-to-dubstep samples. "36 Beatitudes" encapsulates the way he gets his hands dirty with the new materials. "He's peaking like he's keeping it strong in someone's mind, but the way it modulates and changes is what makes it interesting. It's bending the actual soundwaves each time. You get triangle waves, square waves and even new things called apocose waves. Square waves are more like dots, they're weird, and Skream are all over that," he laughs.

While other dubstep producers can become obsessed with bass sounds – as evidenced by the Truist-

fied excesses of late period drum 'n' bass – Benga's approach shows an awareness of space. "Crunked Up", one of dubstep's most flamboyantly funky grooves, hinges around a disarmingly offhand handclap. "Yeah, it used to be called dubstep," he chuckles. "It's out loads of percussion, it's the right percussion. Sometimes I sit out and tap it on the table, and then on the keyboard. People get too stuck in their riffs and they've got like 50 shakers in there it's too crowded."

Shiny Of An Afro Warrior is primarily a dancefloor album: Benga's production schedule aims at making a track each day, to keep his constant DJ sets fresh. He describes this discipline with an almost scientific interest in how bass interacts with the body and, like Ricardo Villalobos, he aims at a precise body-shaking tempo. "92, my dancefloor stuff is at 140 bpm," he asserts. "It's a perfect tempo, 140 is heart rate." It seems somewhat fanciful until you reflect that most music is considered "up tempo" at about 110 bpm upwards, around the same heart rate as gentle cardio, and dense music rarely works over 100 bpm, more or less the highest comfortable rate for cardiovascular activity. Benga's figure is comfortably in the middle of these extremes.

Despite his energetic demeanour, he becomes palpably serious when describing how he sees his music developing, gazing soberly out of the cafe window as if he's trying to visualise one of his tracks on a screen. If he is, as suggested, gone to distractions, one suspects it's simply the madness of someone still discovering where their art is leading. "That's why I still like making music," he concludes. "I listen to my own product and think, 'How did I get that?' I still hear people coming up to me saying, 'It reminds me of this 60s record, and I've never even heard it.'" *Shiny Of An Afro Warrior* is out now on Tempa.

STYLING: JANE BINGE

Religious Knives

By Bruce Russell

Psychic dervish surgery

Brooklyn's Religious Knives operate on the cusp of the rock/magic faultline. It's an unusual place to be, full of portents of earthquakes and potential volcanic eruptions, making it simultaneously both dangerous and reverend. Evolving from the long-running Double Leopards around 2002 (the original core duo of Mary Miller and Miles Bernstein started recording as Religious Knives when they moved to a loft in New York's Red Hook district), As Bernstein puts it they were after "something that could capture the aggressive/magic aspects of the Double Leopards experience and translate them to other realms...seeking something more melodic and so on-like."

This development gives The Knives their own "take" on songwriting. "Coming from an improvisational/noise background, nothing we do is really ever able to be completely duplicated," he continues. "The nice thing about improvised music is a more rock context is that there's always a sense that things could fall apart at any minute, which makes playing live a very active and transformative experience. When anything can happen, it usually does."

Their evolution in the do-it-yourself underground and culture epitome of NYC is no surprise, but, as Bernstein observes, "The subject of the city itself is perhaps the most often addressed in any Religious Knives music. We have a love/hate relationship with the city...there's no doubt that we have a lot of exposure to culture and sound because of where we live. Brooklyn is really just a group of misnamed people trying to hone their craft...but the city streper and breaks our music."

Their sound is a jaded straight-bark kind in the needle-sharp intensity with which The Knives turn their psychic dervish surgery. Almost from the start they worked with a drummer, to give Religious Knives a rock pulse and forward momentum. While a few fellow travellers filled the seat in the early days, from the get-go Bernstein and Miller really

led their eye as one of their neighbours, Maatius percussionists Nite Helios. With the addition of this component, the group really began to take shape. The process of putting together the stable line-up was part of the process of deciding exactly what Religious Knives would be like, and as "we always thought Nate was just the most killer drummer, so naturally as we became more and more drawn towards 'songs', we immediately sought him out as a collaborator."

Touring in the north east of the US has been pretty frequent over the past few years, and Bernstein says that they "play around NYC as often as we can." In the early days the groups live and recorded sound tended to be quite distinct, but now, they say, their "last few recordings are a lot more aligned with what we do live." However, at the same time they clearly want to keep their audience as their base. As Miller puts it: "We're constantly shifting and changing our approach, as we don't really tell the idea of someone knowing what to expect when they come to see us play live or check out one of our records."

Perhaps as a result of this conscious drive for reinvention, the Knives have recently added a fourth member, bass player Todd Cavillo. The impetus for this apparently arose during a session for *It's After Dark* (the new album on Troubadour Unlimited, which Helios was contributing a bass part to one of the tracks). The resultant dynamic immediately demanded to be extended to the rest of the group's repertoire...and as Cavillo was already sharing their practice space, his eventual membership was something of a foregone conclusion.

The Religious Knives seem to have difficulty with the noise tag, which certainly mirrors the actual sound of the group. While their recorded and live sound model extensions are hardly tightly structured or melodic in the traditional sense, neither are they entirely akin to the high-energy,

all-channel-open blaring which more usually characterises generic noise. If anything, they at times recall the distant apocryphal excursions of Chamelobdos. Which makes it no surprise that while Double Leopards came to be regarded as 'noise artists', Bernstein and Miller seem to a certain ambivalence about this. "None of us really 'came up' listening to noise, and we felt much more aligned with 'New Weird America' stuff than the harsh noise stuff." That said, there is no mistaking The Knives for anything remotely "Dis/ney" either - their sound is far more likely to put the back right of your head and stick your brains out than induce an outbreak of stroke-shaking or squawking in the backwoods of Vermont.

In this respect, The Knives are perhaps the quintessential No Fun outfit of the moment. The group clearly value the support of label boss Carlos Giffoni, whom they praise as "an amazing collaborator - beyond letting us do what we want, he encourages us to push boundaries." And Giffoni is sure to affirm that he is determined to push the envelope whenever possible. While agreeing that "the general view is that No Fun is a noise fest and a noise label," he is emphatic that "this is not the case...I think it's a lot wider than that and both the label and festival are pushing forward music that is original and good, whether it can be categorised under 'noise' or something else. I'm now making an extra push to reflect that in the label support."

The drive for new sounds will undoubtedly be reflected in The Religious Knives' next No Fun CD, *Rock*, as well as on the upcoming new live album *Troubadour*. The Religious Knives will be touring the US extensively in support of these releases - taking their "continuous and arduous touring" of their skills as a group to new heights of ritual and intensity. ☐ It's After Dark is out now on Troubadour Unlimited. *Knives* will be released on No Fun Productions. To hear Religious Knives, go to www.theknives.co.uk

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Robert Hood

By Philip Sherburne

Streamlined for survival

Minimal Techno, usually known as minimal, has come a long way from its roots in early '80s Detroit. Some critics charge that a technological, abstracted tendency has supplanted its roots in favor of a gutless and narcissistic mysticism. But it only takes a few minutes listening to Robert Hood at London's Fabric club to realize that minimalism is alive and well. His set-up couldn't be more stripped down, as looping of a sampler, a sequencer and an antiquated Moog, and from these rudimentary tools he wrings a sound that is the essence of technoism. Drum patterns are pared down to the barest suggestion of a syncopation, leaving unadorned hooks to shoulder the rhythmic burden like skeletal fingers flexing in chaotic tandem. High-pass filters remove everything to its vibrating core like the fading dot on a vintage black and white television, before flaring open and flooding the club the way light blows wide a dilapidated post. Meanwhile, his tumbling three against four figure rolls Steve Reich's early investigations of pulse and phasing.

Hood, of course, is a pioneer of wilfully obscure animal dance music. One of Detroit's "second wave" of techno producers, it was arguably Hood who raised the genre with his 1984 EP *Alchemix* (reissue for Jeff Mills's Axis imprint). "It wasn't called that originally," he recalls, citing on Fabric's couch shortly before the show. "It was called *Allex*, as in *Axis Audio* filed *Receptions*. We and Jeff were talking over the phone and we got on the subject of minimalism, how Robert *Armed* was doing his thing and I was doing this sound, [and Jeff] was doing his thing, Jeff, *Relex*... and I said to Jeff, 'The Minimal Nation is rising!' And it stuck. That's where it began." Since then, on records for labels like Tenor, Cheap, Peachboy and most importantly his own M-Plant, Hood has continued to hone sound like a surfboard shaper, shedding every anything that might result in unnecessary drag.

Given his currently delectable global spread, his decades-old fascination with minimalism is unusually historicist in nature. "It's about making something from nothing," he asserts. "It's about

being black and from Detroit, our parents migrating from the south... My grandparents are from Georgia. My grandfather's first cousin is [Motown legend] Berry Gordy. He made something from nothing, he made something great from nothing, you know? That's been something that's stuck with me as far as I can remember. After the Roqui era and after the *crack* episodes in Detroit—we can go back even further with the Detroit story, after *Dr. King* was shot—Detroit had to rebuild from nothing. So when these guys in the Belleville Three [Detroit techno originals to Juan Adams, Derrick May and Kevin Saunderson] created the techno sound, they were making something from nothing. High-top came to an ending, from necessity. And so the decay of the city and the broken glass and the burned out buildings... it's just gathering up pieces from the rubble and creating something great."

It might seem like a stretch to connect the genre's clean, elegant boom-baking with a burned out urbanism, but there's something about archaeological about Hood's layered sequences and evoked silicon timbres. "The main thing," he says, "was just interesting the simplicity of it, it's very, very tight. It was so important to me to make a hit song, to sort of play it mostly like a piano, where it's telling you a story, but it's just saying very few words, very few lyrics. And melding that with a minimalist and simple way of life, where you're only focusing on what's important to you and getting rid of what's complicated."

Hood's motto has long evoked what he describes as the "grey area" of Detroit: "It's an industrial city," he explains. "Even on a clear day, especially when you go downtown, there's a grey haze over the city and a lot of abandoned buildings and a lot of homelessness. The streets behind us Detroit is a sort of museum where you have a once great city suspended in time. The idea of a museum where cobwebs cover the artwork comes to mind. That's the whole darkened kind of feeling I get from Detroit. The 'grey area' sound is a shady sound, dirty and dusty, but it's futuristic at the same time."

Surprisingly, during the last four years, he's never had more than Detroit's modest skyline but rather the wooded outskirts of Southern Maryland. After his *Pressing* album *Wave To Wave*, he says, he moved to Alabama with his wife to remain head-tended by her grandfather before moving North to develop *Alchemix*, a recent series of singles for Belgium's Music Man, "to sort of reintroducing the world to Robert Hood. I'm in a new neighborhood, I'm on a dirt road, I'm in the middle of nowhere, and this is Robert Hood's reintroduction back into the world. Robert Hood's coming back and reinventing... *Alchemix* is just a representation of that register back to the South from Detroit."

Hood is refreshingly free of the paradoxical that sometimes characterizes Detroit Techno. "It's a competitive business," he says. "Everybody wants to show. There's nothing wrong with good healthy competition. It makes us stronger, makes us play better. But don't become so backbiting... I hate that. Black people don't have any unity as it is, and here we have the chance to do something and inspire ourselves on the world stage, and this is how we inspire *God*?"

Hood's faith belies his music's pessimism. While many critics have charged minimalism as a sign of consumerist decadence, he acknowledges the project's ambiguity. "The way we live and the way we do things—furniture design, lamps, laptops, the way we perform shows, live shows and presentations—it's just going to get there and there we'll be. At the same time it's scary. A lot of people think of the future as cars looking like cigar shapes, smartphones, everything streamlined, but the way things are going with terrorism and bioterrorism and other things... in 2025, I think the entire Midwest will have been nuked out. Nobody had water or food. There's *North*... *North*... We also have to keep in mind that we could be faced with situations where we could be living that kind of 'minimal' reality. Survival minimalism." □ Robert Hood's new CD *Reborn* is out now

Looking South: Robert Hood

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Global Ear Bogotá

A survey of new sounds from around the planet. This month: from electroacoustic soundwalks to eclectic electronics and shamanic healing ceremonies, Bogotá, Colombia hosts a remarkable array of edgy sounds. By Victor Gama



Realized reproductive life span

working through his *Salsadeo*, a quartet quarter near the center of the Colombian capital Bogotá. He's listening to Ana Patricia's latest telephone wail, cut six minutes (2007). The piece starts with a tree moving, in the stereo field almost matching the background beat of the city. It then develops into a sweet, soothing mesh of silences, overlaid by recorded sounds of things being played. In her work, Rosendo explains instances in which a performer triggers an audience's relationship with its surroundings. She uses a mix of taste, such as Max/MSP and analog electronic devices in compositions for dance, performance and installation. Rosendo is a leading example of a new generation of musicians and composers springing up in this city of nine million, finding themselves with the diversity and wealth of Colombia's folk music that permeates the public space with its salsa vallenato and reggaeton in buses, restaurants, bars, shopping centers, markets and nightclubs.

Two Woodstock veterans took this South American aesthetic, and even less could imagine that this city could be the second largest library in the world: the Biblioteca Luis Ángel Arango. A few streets east of La Biblioteca and descending into the presidential Palace, Casa de Nariño, is the Teatro Cristóbal Colón, a kind of La Scala of South America. Teatro Colón is the venue of Clásico Colón Electroacústico, a festival dedicated to acoustic, computer and electronic music devised and coordinated by Ana Rosende. Its last edition was dedicated to staging the works of young, mainly Colombian composers such as Jorge Germis, Nicolás Acosta, Santiago Lozano and Daniel Pardo, most of them inspired by the leading Colombian painter of shadows and experimental music, Joaquín Nova (2005-12). Information on these composers and the work can be found at www.abla.org, a site hosted by the Biblioteca Luis Ángel Arango.

But it's the example of La Districofonía collective that best illustrates how the city's licensing

musicians are putting up a good fight for their own piece in the mix. Following in the footsteps of greats such as Canibus and folk musicians like Hago Cardoche and Tolo la Monja, the collective has generated exciting new projects that successfully fuse the folk elements of local tradition not fused with jazz, rock and experimental music. Azucubel, Primo M.T., Ricardo Gelfo Quintero and Elio Alvarez, the Meridian Brothers, have been making waves in the alternative circuit of Bogotá.

I had the chance to watch an exciting show by Róger Gato (piano) and his Quinteto at El Antónima, one of the hot spots in the north of the city. Imagine the energy of a calisachriste as a jazz quartet with a powerful rhythmic section formed by a drummer, a percussionist, and a bass player all enveloped in a cloud of smoke and drenched in a cocoon by a crowd sitting wherever space was available.

Based in New York, Picento Gallo is at present attending Ray Anderson at Stony Brook University in Long Island, NY, while completing his PhD in composition. He frequently flies back to Bogotá for recordings, concerts and rehearsals with fellow musicians. His recent second album *Unfrontera Y Amor* (La Dorsifonica) illustrates the turmoil pursued in fusing the music of his home country with jazz.

Associated with "La Dista" but working independently, Mario Galeano Fari, recently returned from the Rotterdam Music Conservatory with a masters in World Music, has made his selection to re-edit rare recordings of Bogotillo rock groups from the 60s on his own label SalgadoSol. One such group, The Spokers, had a cover hit with a piece called "Si La Guerra Es Buen Negocio Inventa A Tu Hijo" ("If War is Good Business Invent Your Child").

In another part of the music spectrum is producer Juan Pablo Edoña, aka Mook, with his Deep House/hiphop project featuring the enchanting voice of Natalia Miranda. Their debut album *Notas* has been

recently mixed in Sedov's own studio is a living room facing the mountains, and released on his Monstrade label. Their music fits the descriptions of the electronic dance music scene at places like La Fola, Che-Che and the huge Teton

This short survey of the now underground sounds spreading across Bogotá would not be complete without mentioning the experimental work of Los Aceleradores and particularly their singer Adolfo Echavarrán and the group's bass player Hector Sotrage. With several Grammy nominations the group, which started in 1980, has been supportive of the younger generation of musicians, triggering a healthy group consciousness that values their country's rich cultural heritage.

The most fascinating aspect of their recent work by the album *Corrector*, is the inspiration it draws from the 'yagui' or its coexistence. This shamanic psychotropic pollen, prepared from a mix of several plants from the Patagonian rainforest, is commonly known as ayahuasca. The 'tarma' of yagui, group of young men who have been trained by shamans to popularise it among young people in Brazil that there is even a museum on the subject and therapeutic centres offering alternative therapies with yagui. One of my closest musical experiences has surely been the yagui ceremony with its ritual performed by a shaman Talo Florio. Wearing his collars of animal teeth and a hairband of colourful feathers, the Taka guides the voice up through the night with a constant rhythm, going hand in hand with the chakras and the sounds of palm leaves. With the person began to take effect, the penetrating buzzing sound of the yagui itself approaches from behind, albeit wishes, and one slowly enters the altered state where the border leads to another dimension of time and space. As the magic happens, the perceptions of this amazing country change forever.

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Cross Platform Sound in other media

Media artist **Cory Arcangel** seeks enlightenment through knowing geekiness, subverting the impact of digital media and the Net on established culture with repurposed classical (and classic rock) music. By Abi Bliss

"I wanted to make a kind of modern remixes of Swedish-On Deck. And I thought YouTube was the new technology that would be similar to Moog synthesizers of the time," says digital video artist Cory Arcangel. The paradox is apt: Randy Goolsby's 1986 album cut out to inspire the digital efforts of Robert Moog's three new invention by stitching individually programmed modules together into a groundbreaking polysynthetic tapestry. When commissioned by Film And Video Umbrella to make a couple Youness's short film video of Glenn Gould, New York based Arcangel found that the use of YouTube and other video sharing sites had opened a previously unavailable treasure chest to would be samplers: the bedroom musician performing for a global audience. "All of a sudden you have these analog-synthesizer instruments," he explains.

This title of Arcangel's piece is both a nod to Françoise Gilmore's 1989 film *Thirty Two Short Films About Glenn Gould* and a nod to the Canadian pianist's interest from performance into the studio, where his recording method of splicing together tapes from multiple takes was at odds with 1980s deconstruction. From a virtual cacophony of instrumentals—mainly guitarists, but also keyboard and wind players and a tie to Internet Radio, a sprinkling of peering poets—Arcangel isolates individual notes, joining them together one at a time into a two-channel video collage of "Variation No. 1" from Bach's *Goldberg Variations*. If it was there in the first place, the player's instrumental virtuosity becomes redundant in the face of computing skill, as each performance is split into single notes and repurposed. Arcangel had to write his own specialized video editing software in order to join each of the film's 1986 edits together at sufficient speed. "Bach is always a really wonderful thing to show off technology with. The effect I was going for was that it would be a little bit funny, but also a little enlightening," he adds.

In his knowing geekiness, a digital musician short films about Glenn Gould is typical of the way in which Arcangel's work engages with the technological of popular culture on an apparently playful level of greys, lines and what fits that nevertheless opens up deeper questions of consumer rates, interactivity,

sexuality and adolescence. The piece also pulls together several recurring threads from Arcangel's life to date. Growing up in Buffalo, NY he benefited from early exposure to the city's healthy avant-garde film and video culture. His music tastes were also shaped as a bedroom guitarist, a "Heavy Metal suburban wannabe teenager," who would pore over cassette tapes of neo-classical neo-romantics such as Jason Becker. His youthful love of riffs would be echoed in *Swiss 10* (1996), a video inspired by Steve Reich's *Clapping Music*, where, on two screens, the looped intro from Gustav Mahler's "Sweet Child O Mine" pans in and out of phase until the pentatonic melody played on Smith's guitar starts to resemble a medieval canon.

Arcangel progressed from his bedroom to the more formal video environment of Oberlin. Contemporary, a place where Bach was doubly off-limits. "Do you remember in *The Goats Kid*, where he couldn't do karate until he'd spent, like, a year sending the floor?" he says. "When you play classical guitar, Bach is really similar. It was right towards the end of my last that my teacher at Oberlin told me, 'But then I quit right after a piece because I burned out.' He switched to computer programming—"so I would at least have a job"—becoming part of the BERG Records label and programming collective, one of whose releases was 2001's *Itan's Commodore*, battle 12: inside up of loops and samples from the 1980s compulsion. The solo work which first brought him attention was *Super Mario Clouds* (2002), a hacked Nintendo Super Mario Bros cartridge from which everything except the sky and postulated white clouds had been removed. He followed this up by collaborating with Paper Fall on *Super Mario Africa*, an excavation using the original game graphics.

One legacy of Arcangel's Oberlin days is the way in which many of his work Recaptured the repetitive labour required to write them. He's written out the source code and working instructions for *Super Mario Clouds*, while the myriad edits of his most recent piece speak for themselves. "That whole way of thinking, fortunately, or unfortunately, ingrained itself into me. That whole idea that I could produce the same piece for a year informed the way I look at

computers. I see my computer with them as a tool." Yet other works seem almost too timely, such as *Blue Tube* (2007), a one-second clip highlighting the embedding of the YouTube logo in linked content. "It's fun to spend a couple of months on one piece and 30 seconds on another and put them together," he admits.

Born in 1976, Arcangel is of a generation caught on the cusp of the Internet age, adapting to each technological advance, yet old enough not to take any of it for granted. His own contribution to online sameness came in the form of *The Image Synthesizer* (Born To Run Clockwork/Adendum) (2006), in which he created to enhance The Boss a series of defining 1975 album with a few extra glimmers of parts.

"I just got interested in that record and was drawn to the glimmers because, from what I understand, it was a really pioneering record. It was the one thing that people latched on to to try to prove that he'd sold out." Some tracks, such as the title song, already featured the instrument, as Arcangel wrote parts for the remaining ones "to try and complete the picture and also as a way of sampling and appropriation. Because it allowed me to write a new composition which was dependent on his other composition." Once uploaded to the Internet, MP3s of the awarded album would be treated as identical to the originals by track-identifying software. "It would start to feel weird, indistinguishable from Bruce Springsteen. That whole idea with the Internet that you never know what you're getting. I wanted to write a compilation that worked in those grey areas."

Arcangel also released his glimmered parts separately, as a glimmer heavy 12" in an edition of 300 with a deluxe release cover the player's two incarnations—as a full MP2 with the potential to wreak havoc, but as a different model on rock history and as a collectible but sterile art object. "Highlight his contradictory status as both an artist who gives work away for free and posts source code online, and one who works within a traditional gallery model that encourages artists to claim ownership of and control over their work. "I guess I participate in that, but I'm not necessarily entirely comfortable with it," he says. "Because it's weird to say that something is done?" www.begunrecords.com/cory



Sources: Free Gary Broome/It's a single, thousand short film about Glenn Gould (2007)

Invisible Jukebox Michael Rother

Every month we play a musician a series of records which they are asked to identify and comment on — with no prior knowledge of what they're about to hear. Tested by Mike Barnes. Photography: Danielle van Ark

Michael Rother is in the unique position of having been a member of three of the most influential groups of the 1970s Krautrock era. After serving his teenage apprenticeship with Düsseldorf group Spirits Of Sound, he went on to tour in a very early live incarnation of Kraftwerk, consisting of Florian Schneider, Klaus Dinger and himself. The liaison with Dinger, a drummer, led to the formation of Neu! in 1971. Their sound was characterised by a relentless rhythmic momentum, which critics dubbed 'motorik' ('motor skills' in German), although their three official albums — *Neu!*, *Neu! 2* and *Neu! 75* — also explored more abstract approaches. Outside Neu!, Rother also played with the Cluster duo of Dieter Moebius and Hans-Joachim Roedelius in Harmonia, who made two albums — *Musik Von Harmonia* and *Deluxe* — of exploratory proto-electronica between 1973-76. A Harmonia collaboration with Brian Eno, *Trackers And Traces*, was recorded in 1976

in Cluster's studio in the village of Forêt but remained unreleased until 1997. A Harmonia concert album, *Harmonia Live 1974*, was unearthed in 2002.

After Neu! ceased working, Rother began a successful solo career with *Flammende Herzen* (1977), *Sternwaker* (1978) and *Katechismus* (1979), all featuring Can's Jaki Liebrecht on drums. He has since released seven more albums, the latest being 2005's *Remember (The Great Adventure)*, on which he collaborated with UK vocalist and cellist Sophie Williams, German rock star Herbert Grönemeyer (founder of the Gronland label), Asmus Tietjens, Mouse On Mars's Andi Toma, Jake Mandell and more. In 2007, Harmonia resumed activities after a 31 year hiatus with a concert at Berlin's Haus Der Kulturen Der Welt.

The Jukebox took place in the Hamburg office of Rother's friend and collaborator Thomas Beckmann.

The Marks

"Use No Wise Du"

FROM ALBUM TIME (REPERNED) 1986

I don't know the song. It sounds very 60s, music from my early days, something like *See The Stars* and *The Flamingos*.

It's actually by The Marks from 1966. They were American servicemen stationed in Germany. Yeah, I've heard of The Marks. I'm just not familiar with the songs.

How would you describe the German rock scene of the mid-60s?

There was hardly any German pop or rock music happening at the time. My father worked for Luftwaffe and we had been living in Kassel since 1950. When I returned from Palestine in 1963, the Beatles started and that was the kind of music that captured me then. Then in 1964 I got my first guitar and it was The Beatles, The Kinks, mostly English bands. I saw The Pretty Things in 65. That really impressed me. I liked the bed-boy image [laughs].

In Germany there were bands like The Leads. They were silly. You heard them and thought, 'No, you can't do that! That was the way we started with the music when I joined *Sparks Of Sound* in 1966, with my first electric guitar. I was 16, so we had heroes and we tried to copy them as well as we could. There was no idea of doing anything of your own. Hearing *Heute* must have been quite a shock.

I'm not sure when I first saw Jaki Liebrecht. I think it was the first of 'Honey Jar', when he appeared on German TV show *Beat Club*. His appearance was different, and his first album really impressed me. It was an experiment, the way he used and treated the guitar. I think Hendrix was the biggest inspiration for me in those years. He still is in a way. 'You can't say it's dated really.

When did you first start to look beyond the musicians you had been copying?

That grew gradually. For two or three years we improved. We were rather successful in Düsseldorf and around: playing festivals and school dances. It

was parallel with the development of my personality. When I'll arrived with political turbulence, and the Vietnam War, that also led to thoughts about individuality. We started to improvise more and develop new ideas and structures through 68 and 70.

At that time I was working in a psychiatric hospital doing national service as a conscientious objector. So it was a very lucky circumstance, really, when I met another guitarist there. Both being guitarists and working at the same semi-detached ward as the hospital where we attended to patients in art therapy, we occasionally also made music with a few of the younger patients who could play instruments. Unfortunately I don't remember his name, but he had an invitation to join a band in the studio called Kraftwerk to do some film music. I joined him and I ended up jamming with Ralf Hütter. That was the first time I noticed there was another musician with the same feelings of harmony and melody. We didn't have to talk about anything, we just started playing and discovered there was no blues note. Ralf Hütter left the project for us to revive months — and Florian Schneider wanted to put Kraftwerk on stage. He and Klaus Dinger had been listening to us, so they called me. And so one thing led to another.

David Bowie

"V2-Schneider"

FROM *AMOR (PAC)* 1977

[Bowie first phoned sound] Sounds like Neu! Could go into 'Nagaland' any second! 1968, I've never heard that before. You will find out that I hardly know any music. It's an interesting ask. A little bit today, a little black. No bass and also phasing of late 60s, early 70s. So please tell me, what is it? It's *David Bowie*, from his late 70s *Bowie* period. Oh really? I haven't heard it for ages. Usually I have a better memory than that. I don't say it sounds a bit like [Bowie Dinger's group] La Düsseldorf. Didn't you turn down Bowie's offer to play on *Heroes*? That still keeps coming up. And it's still not true

I laugh! The strange thing is that David seems to have believed that until 2001 or so, when we exchanged some emails. Because people said too back then that I had changed my mind, apparently, and I was told that he had changed his mind about our collaboration. What sounds strange to me is that some of the people surrounding David Bowie were a bit afraid of David's director becoming more experimental. Some musicians recently told me that the first time they had to change back then and the sales were going down. Probably his management thought, 'Now he is meeting Michael Rother, another of those crazy Germans. Who knows what influence he will have on his work? Maybe they wanted to help David and maybe it was done with the best commercial intentions, but of course neglected his intention as an artist.

Had you spoken to him about any ideas?

Not dates. We spoke on the phone, and everything was very enthusiastic. I even proposed that we might ask along [Clay drummer] Jaki Liebrecht. At the time we had already recorded my first solo album *Flammende Herzen* with Jaki, and I knew that he would have been a perfect drummer. I asked David what ideas he had, what he wanted me to play, but he was in detail. I hardly ever did that and I don't do it today. I don't talk about music, just do it. When I listen to *Heroes* today, I think it sounds good. Maybe I would have spelled it? We will never know.

Stereolab

"Jenny Ondine (Altamira Version)"

FROM *RECALLS FROM THE ARTS* (AKA *THE FIRM*) 1993

Oh yes... of course I know them. I saw them with Thomas Beckmann when they played here as about '95.

What did you think when you heard Stereolab for the first time?

They freely admitted they borrowed from Neu!, especially on this track, which used the bassline from 'Holograf'. It was a strange experience because Thomas knew Stereolab and he said, 'Let's go to



this concert," and I didn't know them. I was standing there and I really thought, "Oh, I am listening to myself!" Of course they add new elements. I love the voices — beautiful. I love this song. It has a really nice flow. In a way it's inspiring to me, too. So it comes around again. The direction is to the horizon, which is one of the main ideas in Neo's music! There's a common view that Neo's music, like Kraftwerk's, has a feeling of extreme rationality, like driving on the autobahn. But it's different with Kraftwerk. I don't really agree that Kraftwerk's music has the same direction towards the horizon.

Does it please you that Neo's influence, especially, has been so widespread?
I have to be honest and say that of course it pleases me, as an artist, it's a compliment, but then you have to control feelings like this because it's important to move on. It tends to make you look where you are if you are too bothered about the reactions.

Moebius & Berberich

"Narfosa"
FROM *SHADE CAT* (BOY) 1993

I've no idea where to put that music. It has a bit of that kind of ask-Parisian sound that they used in the '70s. I haven't heard it for ages but Mondrag comes to mind. Given me a hint.

It features someone that you've worked with a lot, Corny Plank? Dieter Moebius? It's Moebius?
Yes, with Gerd Berberich.

I should have recognized Moebius, but that organ obviously isn't. Maybe that was the Berberich influence.

How was the recent Harmonia reunion concert in Berlin? You had joked that your main consideration was to not make fools of yourselves.

I was very nervous about that because the expectations are high and you think what do we sound like today? Shall we sound like 30 years ago, or should we forget about what people expect? There are many ways of doing it. So you have to find the right balance of living up to the past, to the present and to the future.

When we were invited to do this concert, we were asked if we would have the choir joining us, because Barbara Morgenstern is the leader of the choir and they really wanted to do that. Everyone in Harmonia was a bit uncertain because we thought we would have enough problems to get everything together without a rehearsal and then work with a choir who didn't know us. Each one of us sent her music and information. She wanted to play one song from each of us. I was so busy that I only gave her the information that it was in 3 minor and it has 130 beats per minute. For the first time since 1978 working together with Harmonia I think we did quite well, but I know that we have to be better together next time.

Are your live duo performances with Moebius expected or is it a huge event?
It's more like two solo shows in stages, one track by Dieter, one track by me, and so on. The other one can join in spontaneously, wherever possible. I wouldn't care that we could find a combination that works today, as we went in different directions. If you listen to *Harmonia Live 1974* [released last year on Orbital], and you think that's fine, that's only part of the truth.

That was probably the best Harmonia concert we did and we had more concerts where we didn't succeed in finding the right moments in developing ideas.

France

"Attention Ne Sider"
FROM *THE ROUGE ALICE TO FRANCE: AFRICA OF LEGENDARY*
DUSTY AUGUST (WORLD MUSIC NETWORK) 2007

Are they singing about AIDS?

Yes, it was written by Zuzette guitarist France, who died of AIDS-related illness a couple of years after this was recorded. We were wondering if his 'number story' might have been an influence on you.

Really? [Laughs] Well, it's also in doubtless. All I can think about is on my last album, *Remember* [The Green Adventure], there's a song called "The Said", which I play with an electronic instrument, but it has guitar sounds and adds up to something that maybe goes in this direction. I can't really say if I was inspired [by this sort of guitar playing], but of course I love [Portuguese] fado music, and I think anything that you hear as a musician that you love, and your heart opens to, leaves some traces. Many things happen by chance — I just follow a lead that I stumble across. I'm not a hunter. I'm a collector. I allow myself to be inspired.

Here's a statement as a political statement here. We were intrigued about your own political statement on the rise of neo-Nazism on your track "Die Gasse Welt"

on your 1993 compilation, *Radio*. That was one of the main issues. There were some terrifying things happening in early 1990s Germany, foreigners being banned. It's still a problem. The samples I assembled from all around the world were meant as a statement in favour of more political and cultural understanding between nations and people. This is exactly the opposite of what the old and new Nazis have in mind — and unfortunately, not only then. I found most of the samples on radio and TV, some of the voices are famous people, some are unknown. The individual samples aren't that important, it's their combination and it should work even if you don't understand a single word of what the people are saying.

Justin Köhrke

"Freiland"
FROM *SHADE CAT* (BOY) 1993

Yeah, I know this. I was inspired a lot, to be honest. Yes, it's weird, but sometimes Rene from Götterland sent me an email saying thanks for his mailman, Justin Köhrke, who would like to do a cover version of "Freiland" [from Rother's *Flammende Herzen*]. I said, why not? I was completely amazed at the precision of how he rebuilt the original song without using an original sample.

Do you think that this mechanical pulse is like an electronic version of Paul Klee's towards the bottom?

Well, it is very related. I don't think "Freiland" is an example, really, of the flight or running to the horizon, it's about a different feeling. It was so magical what happened with "Freiland". When we recorded that in '76, there was a thunderstorm and such an electric atmosphere, tension building up and it went right into that song. I used an analogue tape delay machine and in the recording I became undone

and the tape started to gurgle and then shortly before the end suddenly it broke and changed the atmosphere completely.

Did you like German techno and electronic music?
To be honest I was the speed of silence, to reduce all this information you are surrounded with, and so I'm choosy with what I put at home. It's probably much less than the average. But then I listen intensely to the music. It's difficult to just have it happening in the background.

Einatmende Neubauten

"NNNNNNNN"
FROM *SHADE CAT* (BOY) 1993

The start sounds a bit like *Ultraviolet*. Give me a minute and I might recognize it.

It's Glaucozoid Neubauten

Oh really? I'd not heard them until recently. A friend of mine drove promotion for Neubauten and gave me a copy of their last album and I rather liked what I heard. It was terrible pop music, I'd expected completely different. Road drills, something like that. Maybe you don't know, but I did some live collaborations with *low-neubauten* [number] I'm *Einheit* and *Ar Lacarde*, a German electronic group, in 2003. It was amazing. *Einheit* had a long metal space and he'd it with a hammer and added a weak sense effects. I like what he did. I was playing mostly guitar and also keyboards. It was one hell of a noise! I remember we did one concert in Cologne and my ears were ringing for days.

This could be thought of as a different kind of motorik music, using recordings of actual vehicle engines.

I love environmental and motor sounds, so I understood what they are doing completely. One interesting bit, neither *unruhig* nor *stille* was created by live music on the live floor, which were mixed up next door against each other by the vocals. It's a follow-up between the two plots, the scratching of iron and water washing about melted in a sort of reverb chamber. I sometimes use samples of this recording in live appearances where I put them with more sound effects.

John Cale & Terry Riley

"Church Of Antithesis"
FROM *SHADE CAT* (BOY) 1993

Well again, some music I don't know [Riley right up to present and listen]. The organ sounds like a bit of Terry Riley.

It's the album he made in 1979 with John Cale, Church Of Antithesis.

I saw Terry Riley with Harmonia. We drove to Berlin in '73. When we saw him, he was sitting in front of a small keyboard and was [Riley] had some keyboard playing. I was not sure that I was that impressed. I think it would be fair to say he wasn't a big influence on me.

Although that is basically a rock piece, Cale and Riley's music was repeatedly minimal at times. Were you influenced by minimalists at all?

That was logical. To reduce all the clothes from your music you have to go down as far as possible to the minimal structure, to try to go back and start again. try to find a way without falling into the same traps. My colleagues might have been inspired

The reappearance of legendary free jazz musician **Henry Grimes** was the miracle of 2002: the double bass virtuoso who underpinned Albert Ayler, Cecil Taylor and Pharoah Sanders, among others, defied those who pronounced him dead when he was discovered eking out an existence in Los Angeles. Since his return to action, he has been eagerly embraced by the 21st century jazz community.

Words: Howard Mandel Photography: Anna Schori

Henry Grimes is a quiet man, even for a bass player. The traditional role of the bassist in conventional jazz and related instrumental music – at least for part of the first and second half of the century – has resulted in a legacy of quiet but firm, flexible and supportive men, despite occasional anarchic or extravagant like Charles Mingus, say, or Jameslow Brown, both of whom, 50 years ago, have cast Grimes as a bassist without, exposing him to ground from

Speaking with Grimes himself, though, meeting his post-bing hit goes on following closely to the music he made in the present and past at his improbable full-century career, one is confronted with an unusual stiffness, as well as an award-generating impulse, suddenly stands in contrast, wrapped around each other at the core.

Grimes is, of course, the bassist "modified to life", in a phrase Charles Glimmer used in *A Tale Of Two Cities* to describe the release and eventual rehabilitation of Dr. Alexandre Moreau, a good man imprisoned for 18 years in France's notorious Bastille and reduced to a state of near madness, in which his sole link to reality is his unbroken occupation as a cobbler. Although the concert musician, those prison circumstances do not apply to Grimes, who was born in 1926 and never finished high school. Rather, he withdrew from public life and retained a creative silence, that lasted for more than 30 years after fading himself unable to sustain his career as a first-call sideman when he moved from New York City to the West Coast in the late 1960s.

He must have been quiet – private and self-contained, if not moderately self-effacing and verbally unresponsive – even then. Having begun playing music during his childhood in Philadelphia, and attending to three years of study at the prestigious Juilliard School, the bassist who in 1966 recorded nine albums – including Cecil Taylor's *Unit Structures* and *Conquistas*, Don Cherry's *Complete Communion*, *Symphony For Impromptu* and *Where Is Brooklyn?* Pharoah Sanders's *Search* and Albert Ayler's *Live At The Village Vanguard* – seemed to have quietly disappeared when he left the Apple in 1967. It was rare and hard to hear him to hear a recording as a *John Coltrane* witness, died he has given to play in rock groups, and/or had relocated to Florida, but mostly it was assumed (and published in *Circle Magazine*) that he had died.

As first reported in *The Wire* in January 2008 (issue 227), though, Grimes had in fact taken up residence in a small, cheap room in downtown central Los Angeles after settling from musical associates who had become *Edenologists*. He'd sold his bass, which needed considerable repairs, for

\$500, and had worked a succession of menial jobs, though always taking care to protect his hands. He's said during this period he was diagnosed as manic-depressive and medicated for that mental illness, but around 1970 he "just started feeling better".

In 2002 he was discovered by jazz fan/cool worker Marshall Marotte, who scoured Social Security records in search of Grimes's payroll deductions and address. When Marotte approached at his door, the bassist asked after the health of Albert Ayler, not knowing he had died in 1970. Grimes was aware that any of the music he had recorded was available on CDs and still had any currency – though he had also collaborated with Les Roubin, Gary Shilling, Sunny Folk, Andy Sheppard and McCoy Tyner, the famous roll of mainstream and avant-garde players from the late 50s through the mid-60s. He said he had never even seen a compact disc. Remnants of his previous jazz life survived in the credibility and specific references in poetry he'd written, which was published in 2007 as *Signs Along The Road* by the Fuddy's Knife imprint, based in Cologne.

How did a master musician drift so far from his art?

An *Observer* critic Fred Jung, editor and publisher of *Altitude* in Los Angeles, in late 2009, "I stopped playing in order to evolve my own perspective better. That had nothing to do with music. As I was waiting, it is a matter of waiting to see if I would run into some way of musical expression like I wanted to. It didn't happen until about 30 years or so after that. I wasn't thinking of how long it was taking. It was just trying to gain perspective. It was a way of imposing self-censorship. That's the only thing I can think of what it is. Only publicity, I stopped playing. I wrote a lot of poetry to make up for it, so I could express myself with my lips instead of with music."

Grimes's poetry is indeed expressive as well as self-aware, atmospheric and abstract. "Somewhere, somewhere in the mystic still of misted hidden, forces aggregate" he wrote in one untitled piece (external music: *Waves*, and *Waves*), and "every silent thoughtless still is an awful beautiful did a quiet choir – unknown" (in the choir around above rises, from the early 1960s). Throughout the book he muses on meditations, metaphors and sometimes music, sometimes Thelma Houston and Cecil Taylor as well as the Robert Johnsons, Edna, Sam Fendler, and Don Cherry.

However, the spoken word is not his strongest suit. One can spend more than an hour with Grimes asking about his extraordinary comeback and learn little but the basics about his improved new assemblies with five jazz veterans including AACM leader saxophonist Fred Anderson, Sun Ra's



Out of the woodwork



Photo: J. Carr / The New York Times



artist and EWJ virtuoso Marshall Allen. Even Parker (with whom he played in 2006 at the London Jazz Festival), the illustrious Newswell Rust, California multi-instrumentalist Guyena Thomas and drummer Rashied Ali. He speaks favorably but not at length about his high-profile protégés such as William Parker, Marc Ribot and Dave Douglas, saxophonists Andrew Lamb, David Murray and Charles Gayle, drummers Newswell Taylor Baker, Avery! Reed and Thelma Sorey. He mentions upcoming tours and special engagements, but his grasp of names and dates is sometimes fuzzy: many details are supplied by Margaret Davis, the New York-based music writer who seems to help and upon first learning of his return and who last December became his wife.

It was she who launched a campaign to obtain a new bass for Ginnins: a huge plywood instrument from the UK manufacturer King which William Parker gave him and which Ginnins refreshed in green and dubbed Oliver Oil. After Ginnins's professional re-emergence on the West Coast in the company of brothers Neil and Alex Cline and Bobby Brinkford, it was Davis who welcomed him to New York. He was embraced as well by principals and players of downtown New York's annual Waters Festival, by the young Afrocentrists broadcasting on Columbia University's radio station WUCR, and several of his long-ago compatriots (most notably, Cecil Taylor), but it is Davis who has been indefatigable, backing Ginnins's aspirations and producing his records.

Although Ginnins has done many interviews over the past 50 or years, "I feel like I'd like to do a little better with them," he tells me, sitting with Davis at a cafe in Manhattan's East Village. It would help some if he spoke in the first person rather than the second, but there's a serious comprehension issue to sort out: "There was a lot of dissipative feelings going back," he offers by way of explaining what it is he would like to improve. "Things that you can talk about, recognizing, but when they come out they're as evasive force you're able to work with."

This seems to imply that his current music is fueled by self-reflection upon his rather kooky past ("Maybe it will come to me!" he apologizes when he encounters a memory lapse), but one of the most remarkable things about the sounds Ginnins conjures from his bass and also, lately, within is the obvious continuity of his style, both grounded and breezy, with the direction he set 40 years ago. His approach on *7th Cell*, his sole album as a leader in the 60s (on ESP), now available as an MP3 download from emusic.com, closely resembles his playing today, subdued by insistent pulse and skittery arco fields. Which suggests that whatever a musician must do

**"Actions and desires, truths and falsehoods,
all the kinds of things that happen with music
happen with poetry also. I really enjoy that"**

to regain skills after a lengthy layoff and Grimes regained his place at improvised music's forefront through the willing embrace of his rigorous practice regime; the granular of one's personal inquiry may be inescapable and certainly not deep.

So deep, in fact, that they may outlast across eras: Grimes believes, for instance, that his poetry and music are closely related, saying "I enjoy them both. Actions and desires, truths and falsehoods: all the kinds of things that happen with music happen with poetry also. I really enjoy that." Pressed about the parallel between real-time poetry recitals and what a musical improviser can't forget, he agrees: "Yeah, music's nothing I have to think of; eventually it'll come up with the flow."

Is his confidence in spontaneity a holdover from his earlier days? "It's just about the same," he answers. "There are some differences, but that's probably because of a good amount of the past being shaded and turned over, brought forth and imagined. That's growth."

Do younger musicians—like Ribat in his Ayler tribute group Spiritual Unity, or Douglas leading the double quartet that has embarked on reworking Don Cherry's Blue Reeds album—ask him about the old scene? "Yeah, I think so," he answers. "Maybe it comes to something about Albert Ayler: what it was to play with him. There's not so much in the realm of my memory right now. A lot of those things were very enjoyable, because people were coming out with new things. I knew I played with them, but I didn't do that much now and whatever it is, it sounds like the most fantastic music I ever heard in my life. It's just amazing. I'm still affected by it. There are some things I don't remember mixing, but when I listen to them I know I'm on that record, and it gives when it goes beautiful, like something that I haven't been exposed before. It's like new music to me, yet when I listen to it I know where it's coming from. It's still the same cause and effect." From what I've seen, young musicians come up to Henry and start singing his songs to him: Dave shares in "They know his past, they don't ask so much about it. They want to know when they can play with him now."

"There's always an emphasis being made on people you cared over from the past," Grimes confirms. "That's good. I enjoy that." But here's a loose rule—write that which most excites? "Yeah," he adds. "That's what I do." To meditate, is it easy for him to play, or does it feel like work? "It's easier than feeling like work. I never had that feeling of working too much, at all. Just something occurs that's magical, or has that impulse to it that makes you feel you're flying and going through everything," he shares.

And the demands of travel? "It's hard, but I enjoy it," he states. "I can adjust myself to it. I concentrate on keeping going. The hardest thing about it is getting up at the morning and getting to the airport at five or six in the morning. Musically, the excursions are wonderful." He is equally nonplussed by flying foreign audiences: "I feel the Norwegian vibrations or French vibrations, and go down with the music wherever I happen to be. Playing the bass is like the action of inventing," he continues. "There are so many things you can look forward to which have happened before, which you can bring up—just go back to and bring up again."

How was he able to develop within new and experimental contexts as the first piece? "Because I was sort of meeting and concentrating on getting away from rote. I'd get into it, but there was also such fantastic original musical energy I didn't know what to do. I got involved in creating that energy while we played it. Sometimes it would come out, sometimes you'd think about it coming out or not coming out. But that's what it means, I guess: music coming out and coming up during the act of being recorded and so forth." Does life in what she feels her husband hasn't read? "I think there are too answers to that question, actually. First of all, Henry has a genius for freedom; that's his greatest longing and his greatest joy. It's in his nature. That's part of it, and the other part is that Cecil went and got him. In the 60s he heard him play with Arnie O'Day or someone, and said, 'Come with me.' So Henry went." I think it was Buddy Rich? Grimes Grimes.

The pugnacious and tight swing drummer? Did Rich lock in up when they played together, or did Grimes get tighter? "No, I had to do a certain thing, and I just did it," he demurs. "This was a quartet, not his big band. He was a member of that band down. Maybe only Gene Krupa would be as good."

Gene Krupa? Buddy Rich? Grimes, who looked in with the great, late Ed Blackwell to suspend time, anticipate themes, lay down outlines and solo with such heat while Don Cherry and Ojo Berberé stretched playful riddles into vast flows in *Complete Convulsion*? Who crashed back with Alan Silva on Cecil Taylor's Unit Structures and bowed so deeply under Albert and Donald Ayler at their Village Vanguard sessions of 1966 and led them on high while John Coltrane looked on? Who played bass when Mingus moved over to the piano bench, where James Newton wants to work with in a husho ensemble? Who looks cherubic—a fringe of white hair peeking out from his forehead, smiling beatifically—when he plucks or bows not just the bass now, but also the violin he wife gave him for

his birthday since he had started on one of these bops in Philly when he was a kid and one day proudly announced he would like to try it again? Who performs now with such sacred solemnity while Pharoah a.k.a. is splashing symbols while Chad Taylor did and recombines the plans to rest his acrobatic musings, or Ray Campbell trumpet "Spinto," "Ginger," "Delta" over Ayler? Chad Taylor while Miles Robit got those Ayler themes from his guitar strings? The Henry Grimes who'd happened from the East Coast and the jazz fray in 1967 but was easy to draw back into action in 2003, as if no time had passed and nothing especially new transpired? Henry Grimes, who accompanied Billie Holiday as well as Buddy Rich, Tony Scott with Bill Evans and Paul Motian, Arnie Ross and Chet Baker, Roy Hayes with Terry Flanagan and Art Fuchs-like Roland Kirk, free groups including Merz, Benny Goodman's and Sunny Rollins in one weekend at the Newport Jazz Festival in 1960? How did Grimes do it, and how does he do it now?

As he told Fred Jung in 2003: "I really enjoyed playing free music. The freedom of expression, that was the main point with me. The expression, you just have to be able to play just what you feel. Your own free will dictating to you to play. There were no other influences that could override your own influence to play free music. I encourage a lot of classical musicians to get with some jazz musicians and see what it is to develop free music. The free music of jazz is always a lot of expression in other music because it is moving forward and ahead and it has very much to do with free sounds and things that have never been heard before, being done."

Free, in this case, means unbound and self-assured. The freedom of Henry Grimes, but a century ago, indirectly lent similar confidence to a generation of outboard-bound explorers. He was that same seemingly indefinable vein of inner freedom today from his instruments, expeditiously offering an immediate, sharp-tuned, genuine and genuine response to others' musical requests, though they may be far out and his applied pastimes and note placements anything but predictable. Yes, he had experience growing up in a hell-bound tradition, training in an elite conservatory, bowing from classical masters, unconcerned from jazz virtuosity who recognized him as a peer. Mystery remains about where he went and why, how long he was gone and what he did there and then, but Henry Grimes, a cult man and perhaps now a free one, is back. Having believed the album of stillness against its unique ability to make music from sound, he is returned to life. □

Generation loss

Hyman has a long history of posthumous mythology. As in the industry's memory of the late as of Iggy and Biggie, to the grassroots worship of fellow local heroes such as Treas's DJ Screw and the Bay Area's Mac Dre, its relationship with mortality fits from the complex to the conflicting, the sincere to the merely opportunistic. On 10 February 2006, however, it's safe to say that the culture lost one of its most formidable talents. After a long battle with the debilitating chronic condition lupus, James Dewitt "J Dilla" Hyman, also known as Jay Dee or J Dilla, passed away at his home in Los Angeles at the age of 32. Two years on, it's less clear than ever that this young producer achieved something that few musicians ever manage, leaving not only a timeless and innovative back catalogue, but a whole generation inspired by his idiosyncratic and relentlessly wrought work.

While artists such as Se-Ita Creative Partners and Flying Lotus continue to carry Dilla's torch, he was equally revered in life, counting figures such as The Notorious B.I.G., Pharoahe Monaghan, Kanye West and Justin Bieber among his biggest admirers. Even so, he cut a remarkably low-key figure in the frequently brash and excessive world of contemporary urban music. Rather than basking in the limelight, Dilla was almost always happily letting his beats do most of the talking. And how they spoke.

Growing up a shy child in a musical household in Detroit, his later involvement with the city's independent hip-hop scene would shape his life. After rapping and making music on a rudimentary audio setup, it was thanks to being taken under the wing of local producer Amp Fiddler that Dilla would begin to realise his full potential. By 1993, Dilla and his friend MC Phat Kat had dropped their first mix as the duo 1st Down. In addition to this, he also produced an LP entitled *The Album That Time Forgot for 5 Elements*, a group including the late Detroit MC Proof. Throughout the mid- to late 1990s, working under the name of Jay Dee, he continued to develop his production skills, steadily stringing through the tanks and creating infectious music for instantly recognisable names such as Busta Rhymes, A Tribe Called Quest, The Roots, D'Angelo and Erykah Badu. Blending forward-looking techniques with a deep knowledge of hip-hop's past, his earbore perfectly suited these distinctive MCs and buoyed neo-soul vocalists: Dilla's presence was such that even those unfamiliar with his name, or the breadth of his oeuvre, will know at least some of the work from this period, chiefly a stellar remix of Janet Jackson's "Gorl That It's Gone", De La Soul's "Stakes Is High" and a

large proportion of The Roots's 1999 album *Live Through This*, including the classic "Turnwit".

It was, however, as Slum Village, the group formed with childhood friends Dearn and TJ at Pershing High School, that Dilla's gifts really began to shine. While membership allowed him to step a bit from behind the mixing boards and composed the rest – a feat of his career that would continue to be explored in 2001's *Whoots! 2 Demos* and Jaylib's 2003 *Champion Sound* albums – it also gave him the creative control and freedom to become the kind of instrumental artist we know him as today.

Of course, others had recognised Dilla's promise far earlier. As longtime friend DJ Moke Shams said: "I got to know him when I was working in a record store in Detroit. I remember hearing his music for the first time in the same way I remember first hearing hip-hop. If there were two big musical moments for me, they'd be discovering hip-hop and then discovering Dilla. He was doing things that no one else was doing, really pushing it to the next level." To this day, I still think that's his one of the most underrated artists of all time.

Slum Village's albums, the underground *Phunkin' Vol 1* (1997) and the much delayed but eventually commercially released *Vol 2* (2000), provided ideal showcases for Dilla's signature sound: a woozy, smoky and crackly collage of soul and jazz-like underpinned by the harding, poppied rhythms with which he gradually became synonymous. In a little while urban music was steadily undergoing a futuristic renaissance thanks to the increasingly far-flung beats and steady synths employed by the likes of Timbaland and The Neptunes, Dilla's work was both timely and contradictory. Heavily influenced by the styles of DJ Premier and Pete Rock, the sound material was both heavy and groovy, as if it had been discovered at the bottom of a dark, dusty cellar. Like many these samples were assembled, chopped and applied together, though, lent a resolutely contemporary gloss. Dilla merged the modern and inventive with a uniquely organic warmth and accessibility.

This approachable character extended into his personal life and his dealings with other artists, too. Even after Dilla had relocated to Los Angeles, he maintained close links with Detroit and took the available opportunity to nip his city. Working with the likes of Frank N Dink, Platinum Phat Pimp and Common (a relationship that reached its peak with the 2000 album *Like Water for Chocolate*), his friends and family life was vital to his vision. A desire to surround himself with like minds was also

By: JASON STONE (STYLING: JASON)

2 Dilla in his Detroit studio, summer 2003

The death of J Dilla (aka Jay Dee) in 2008 robbed hip-hop of one of its most innovative producers, revered by high rolling artists such as The Neptunes, Kanye West, A Tribe Called Quest and Madlib. In this posthumous appreciation, Dave Stelfox examines the development of Dilla's cut 'n' splice lo-fi productions and the impact of his 'straight from the cassette' aesthetic on those who survive him



incident in his membership of the Soulquarians collective – along with Yell-O, Common, Mos Def, James Poyser, Erykah Badu, Jazmine, D'Angelo, Q-Tip, Raphael Saadiq and Bilal – and production crew The Ummah, with Q-Tip and Ali Shaheed Muhammad of A Tribe Called Quest (the group's name meaning 'the brotherhood' in Arabic).

Dilla is MC Garry Shordaan, whose current album *Gone Is The Ghetto* produces the Dilla produced track "I Must Love You", explains: "Getting involved with me was typical of Dilla. He didn't care who you were, it didn't matter how famous you were or if you were just coming up. If he liked what you were doing, he'd do everything he could to help you. He asked himself did what he could for Detroit and never stopped supporting the city. Now that he's gone, it's up to all of us to make sure that his work lives on because even though he's an inspiration to thousands of people, no one has come even close to making music like he did."

As if to prove his hometown credentials, in 2001 Dilla released us both instrumental and vocal versions of his solo debut album: *Welcome 2 Detroit* is the UK's Barely Breaking Even label (his affiliation would also continue in 2004's *The Shining*, an album that had to be co-produced by longstanding associate Karim Riggins). As one might expect, this was a solidly Motor City affair, featuring vocal contributions from Phat Kat, Bess, Frank N Dais, Stevie and Dilla himself. Unfortunately, little of the MCing matched up to the production. Phat Kat turns on "Rise Above Bessie Niles" a particularly diurnal and Dilla's own verse show him to be less of a lyricist than a behind-the-scenes man at this stage. However, instrumental interludes "Think Tenny" and "In the Shade of the Tree" (Big Dilla Express) are especially noteworthy, the former a delicious take-over of Donald Byrd's track of the same name, highlighting one aspect of Dilla's sound, and the latter a thumping, kinetic reworking of Kraftwerk's "Trans Europe Express" that, in hindsight, acts as a significant preview of his later work.

Around this period, a sale deal with MCA Records had also come Dilla's way. In doing so his departure from Saint Wings. It was at this point that he changed his recording alias from Jay Dee in order to avoid confusion with fellow producer Jerome Dupla. In doing with that which had already been seen on *Welcome 2 Detroit*, Dilla's plan was to rhyme over instrumentals by others, among them Madlib, Pete Rock and Kanye West. Unfortunately, the whole project went sour when MCA merged with Geffen Records, and it remains motionless to this day.



"There'd be days when I wouldn't eat at all because I'd be in the basement working all day. Even after being in the hospital for so long, I had to fight with the doctors to go home because being away from music was starting to get to me" **J BELL**

As a reaction to this disappointment, Dilla took a typically contrary step. In 2003 he released the Ruff Grrif EP on the German label MummyGroovecat. For someone with designs on establishing themselves in US hip-hop major leagues, this move could be seen as virtual career suicide: wilfully cutting all corporate ties and putting out a limited run mini-album on a European imprint that few people who mattered in the industry would know or even care about. Evidently Dilla didn't think like that, and saw it instead as an opportunity to confound expectations and deliver the kind of adventurous, uncorporate-making work that would truly represent who he was.

All recorded in under a week, Ruff Grrif did exactly that. In many ways a conceptualised record, originally distributed on vinyl only, it combined off-the-wall spontaneity with a deliberately eclectic and experimental attitude, exploring a new controlled sound equally indebted to industrial machine music, synthpop (much like the earlier '80s *Big Boity Express*) and glitch. As promised in an intro saying "You wanna bounce in your sleep with that real shit? Sounds like it's coming straight from the motherfucker, cassette, y'nat", an intentionally giddy, lo-fi quality marks much of the music, adding a dense, giddy and brooding quality implicit in the proclamation is an alternative assertion of what hip-hop really is.

Although much of the original pressing's six full tracks are closer to avant garde electronics than contemporary street rap, this is still music made for banging in your car or kicking back with your people. This broadening outlook and desire to reach out to other musical communities can also be seen in collaborations such as Dilla's *Remix of Four Tins "No Sell Out As Your Life"*, released in the same year as *Ruff Grrif*, and his vocal contribution to DaYarsy's 2004 single "Game Over". While tracks such as "Make'em Fly" make explicit his disillusionment with the larger hip-hop machine and its baggadicat reigns supreme in many of the rhymes, there's still plenty of playfulness to be found, especially in the satirical "Moving Like Tim", featuring no-nonsense gang verses processed to within an inch of their life then dropped over a squalling reversed melody scene and the gloriously infectious funk of "Crashin' (Remixes)".

As well as a stylistic turning point, this EP also underscored Dilla's increasing commitment to independent labels. This move was apparent when he hooked up with Peanut Butter Wolf's Stones Throw imprint to record Jay-Z's *Champion Sound*,

released in 2003. A collaboration with producer and MC Madlib (J.Dilla Jackson Jr) on which each raps over tracks by the other, along with contributions by Talib Kweli, Gully Simpson and Percee F, most of this album was realised with both men living thousands of miles apart. Accordingly, Dilla and Madlib worked remotely, sending tracks back and forth to one another, as illustrated in the introductory instrumental "LA To Detroit". However, the result is far more cohesive than such operations generally allow. While Dilla's MCing occasionally falls short of brilliance, his reach tighter than an *McJannet 2* Detroit, and by that point his production was on fire. With Madlib made the more accomplished and versatile rapper, the tracks on which the two Dilla beats are by far the most satisfying, particularly "Reel" and "Sleep Club", both featuring Jay-Z's future-voiced alter-ego Cusimones. Jamming, strange and otherworldly, this record shows that despite their essentially contrasting natures, both producers' styles came from a similar and complementary place. It's difficult to imagine a better pairing.

"To be served throughout the period when he and Madlib were working on *Champion Sound* was an incredible experience," says Stones Throw's DJ Ecce. "Here was this man who had recently come out of the major label system, but you can tell that he really wanted to get away from that and do something different. Of that record you could feel that all the rules had changed. Seeing the way that those two artists influenced each other and the way that they interacted with each other musically was a real inspiration. It was one of those times when you feel truly privileged."


Throughout this time, Dilla's health problems were also beginning to take their toll, his punishing working schedule only making matters worse. Soon after, *Champion Sound* was completed he decided to relocate to Los Angeles for the sake of both his own wellbeing and career. Few but those who have realised the true extent of his illness until, in a frequently quoted March 2004 interview in *Urban Magazine*, he referenced an earlier collapse from kidney failure.

"I had never been to sick in all my life," he said. "I had never been in the hospital for nothing. What happened was that the doctor told me that I'd ruptured my kidney from being too busy and being stressed out and not eating right. He told me that if I'd waited another day, I might not have made it. There'll be days when I wouldn't eat at all because I'd

be in the basement working all day. Even after being in the hospital so long, I had to fight with the doctors [to go home] because being away from music was starting to get to me."

Dilla's this downward trajectory was to continue, with Dilla performing the bulk of a 2006 European tour confined to a wheelchair. Similarly, his final and by far his best album, *Donuts*, would largely be constructed in a hospital bed, his mother, Maureen Tierney, taking equipment to her son's room so he could keep a bed and continue to do what he loved best. Living with this in mind lends a deeply visceral and emotive quality to the contents of *Donuts Of An Art Trade*, five last much longer than a minute, indicating the artist's falling stamina, and giving a very real sense of a man bedding to rest as many times as a week before it's too late. This feeling is only emphasised by the fact that the album begins with the prophetically titled "Donuts [Intro]" (Hatten meaning sleep, the mood of the music isn't it's droning, fluctuating from the tough and intense "Work On It" to the kind of serene, soul-soaked groove that drove so much of Dilla's most popular early work. There are also moments of transcendent beauty, including "Waves", "Don't Cry" and "Dilla Says Go", that hint at the attainment of inner peace, perhaps even a cautious optimism.

Typically, the building blocks used to construct *Donuts* are everywhere. Mashing the obscure with the commonplace and giving the album a sense of grounding but also a mysterious, unknowable air. While "Gone Down" hooks itself around a chunky loop of ESO's well-known "UTO" and "The Difference" works following, stretched up riffs of Kool & The Gang's "Funky Bump", "Lightwork" plunders Raynard Scott's rare cartoon soundtracks. As such, *Donuts* may appear schizophrenic and half finished as first listen, its samples roughly chopped-down, its melodies and beats breaking off with not so much as a moment's notice or jolting abruptly into the next track. However, this is unlikely to be the case. Dilla's perfectionism was always at the very core of his appeal. Given the circumstances surrounding its creation, it's far more reasonable to assume that this unfinished record is exactly what he had in mind – an astonishing and enduring self-written epilogue. After all, as with this composer's own life, these songs may be short but they still do extend beyond things. □ Dilla about the J Dilla Foundation, dedicated to raising funds for lupus research and into training for underprivileged children, can be found at www.jdilla.org. To hear an exclusive J Dilla track, go to www.RuffGrrif.net

A woman with dark hair is lying down, wearing a light pink, short-sleeved dress with a ruffled neckline. Her head is tilted back, and her eyes are closed. A white, hand-drawn outline of her face is superimposed over her features. The background is dark and textured. The text "The life aquatic" is written in white, bold, sans-serif font across the middle of the image.

The life aquatic



Gudrun Gut spans 30 years of underground activity in Berlin, her longevity connecting post-punk experimentation with the rise of Techno and fluid 'living room' electronics. Philip Sherburne hears about her role in early Einstürzende Neubauten and her own groups Mania D and Malaria!, the Ambient 'pacific state' of her Ocean Club radio station and social space, and how her Monika label encourages young artists to live out their fantasies in music. Photography: Olaf Unverzart

This is a story about a 'gründel skulptur': a punk and a No Wave and an early adopter of computer pop, a girl from the German headlands who moved to Berlin to become one of the city's central figures – feminist agitator, festival organizer, entrepreneur. This of course, musician, performance artist, DJ, radio presenter, club organizer, cultural ambassador and label owner. She has done all of this largely by maintaining her independence. Not in the rejectionist strain that characterizes New-York American individualism, but rather by creating and attending to niches and spaces of possibility in the interstices and the margins. By operating, on the periphery, she has not distanced herself, but rather avoids the hypothetical centre – or more accurately, centre – seen themselves remote, quiet, subdued.

Interviewing Gudrun Gut can be a daunting task. Not because she is open or severe – quite the contrary. I see that of few more candid interviews I've conducted over the years. No, it's precisely because she's so genial, so open – and so filled with energy. How can anyone keep up with her? Gut and her post-punk peers never pushed far beyond, and she still doesn't now. Not in the sense of our interview, during which she cooks, chats, smiles, digs through memorabilia and reels off a dizzying spool of names and dates and interconnections. Not in the course of the interview's aftermath, during which she drags me under the table while elaborating architectural plans for the country house she has recently purchased outside Berlin.

Let's pretend, for a moment, that you don't know who Gudrun Gut is. Not really. Maybe you've heard the name, seen it in connection with her label, Monika. Perhaps of perhaps Ocean Club, the radio show/transition, or if you're into your partner, Thomas Fehlmann. You know that last year that she released a solo album with the curious title *I Put A Record On*, one that initially caught quite a bit of by your's and had bolstered the publisher and more than a few contributors to this magazine. You deemed a review or two that mentioned a handful of groups in rapid succession, a scouter's nightmare of outfits with names like Misena!, Misia D, Mutsbet, Mirador, Misena. But beyond that, let's pretend for a moment that you really don't have any idea who Gudrun Gut is. And let's work our way back.

Gudrun Gut was born in the Lüneburger Heide, the heath of northern Germany. "In a small town where everything is controlled" as she describes it. "I went to Berlin because I had a boyfriend who lived in my town who was half gay – but not really, because he was my boyfriend! He was a little bit a sissy, and he had lots of friends in Berlin who were he was working in an antiquarian bookshop. He brought me to Berlin for the first time and I met all those gay people. I clearly remember getting off at Südkreuz station and breathing this air of kids, these strange smells – it was a sense of freedom, city freedom. Berlin has this thing of doing whatever you like, and I just thought, I have to come live here."

Gut – she declines to share her birth name – came to Berlin to study visual communication at the Hochschule für Kunst in 1986. And quickly fell in with an art school scene of punks, post-punks and creative miscontents. "At school, when I was living in the headlands," she recalls. "It was a thing in a mail order distribution called Flash Shop They had all these underground records from all sorts, Henry Cow and all this sort. I was passing the parcels after school. So in Berlin I naturally got in contact with music people again." It was in West Berlin's network of improvised venues and underground record shops that she encountered Bettina Klier, Gode Bertel (later of Lullatone Degeussens) and Steve

Bergalt, all future bandmates. Bergalt, in fact, remained in Gut, Germany for "good." If pure was so fervently about negativity, what could be more punk than an affirmative—that is, a double negative—wasn't he Gut?

But and Kötter opened a small shop in the neighborhood of Hohenzollern, called *Elektrogras* (don't Grevy), the shop sold tapes, batteries and clothes. "It had a knitting machine in there," recalls Out, who manufactured some of the merchandise herself. "Elektrogras was more of a meeting point, we had a printed machine in there. We didn't really sell much, we'd just hang out." But as a hang-out, *Elektrogras* proved a crucial focus for the so-called "genau-ähn-clubbers," the loose grouping of "genau-ähn-clubbers" whose notorious *Groove Unterpappschow* festival of 1981 effectively launched a new Berlin underground: members of *Elektrogras* Neubeuten, Don Yohannes Dore, and her collaborators. "I wanted to do my own band because I was sick of just listening to music by other people," she says. "Because punk was you can do it by yourself." Out spent a month or so in London, inspiring herself in punk. "And then I started my first 'girl group'." She laughs, recalling the innocence of the space. "Did we even rehearse? I think we just made photos, I don't know."

The initial line-up of *Elektrogras* Neubeuten arose out of the mix: *Elektrogras* (guitar), Out (Kang MS 25) and Kötter (bass). Out was already involved in another group, the all-female *Don A's*, as well as a co-ed outfit, *Don A's* (bassist) but it was her next project, *Maria D*, that proved definitive.

Maria D featured Gut on drums. Kötter on vocals and synthesizer and Bergalt on bass. They also used backing tapes—"atmospheric tapes, like jungle noises," she recalls. Rather than songs, *Maria D* and the early Neubeuten concentrated on improvisations designed to evoke a theme or a mood. *Maria D* and Neubeuten co-existed for a while, until Gut left Neubeuten to focus exclusively on *Maria D*. They recorded almost nothing, just a three-track 7" single for the Maelstrom label in 1980: but one song, "Check Four"—reissued in 1991 on Zensur's *All Die Festenwurz* compilation—suggests that these gentle clubbers were not to underestimate. It's a slinky series of detuned electric bass, electronic squeals. Gut's initial drumming and Kötter's sensual sax skronking, nodding both to The Contortions and Black. Strangely EG'd vocals slide like spores down the turntable going more. For a largely teenage posse of post-punk history, it still carries a powerful charge.

Maria D is biggest break came in the form of an opening slot for Suzanne 67The Bandoneon. "She was the picture of a new woman for me," says Gut. "She was strong, not a happy, she's like a poet. So to play and support them, wow, I thought, cool! And then what happens? She was back there she show I break my leg." Gut spent the week before the gig in bed programming rhythms on a rented drum machine. The night of the show, a bandmate called her

onstage in a wheelchair and she complemented the nervous beats with live tape tape patterns. "This sense of inventiveness was a defining characteristic of their time and place."

Marie D played a few more shows and called it quits. "We got into a little fight, but I don't even remember who," says Gut. "Stupid." Underneath that and Kötter, who were more enthusiastic about playing live than Bergalt, formed *Maelstrom*—named after a not in their rehearsal space. They released their first self-titled 12" in 1981 on Maelstrom, a sub-label of *Elektrogras*. The label was a project of Bergalt's Berlin, one of the corners of the later New Beat scene. *Maelstrom* who initially sold records at a West Berlin Baumarkt before opening the Zensur shop in Schönberg's *Belgengasse*.

With *Maria D*, Gut and Kötter had spent time in New York, where they became enraptured with No Wave. "It was more interesting than punk," asserts Gut. "I didn't like the commercialism, I thought it was really fake. I liked the Clash because of their political attitude, but meanwhile, when I started my own bands, I was looking for something different—not repeating something that was already there." *Maelstrom* solidified their New York connections when the group met Christine Hales, who had played drums with Glenn Branca and Barbara Ess in The States. They recruited her to play drums as *Maelstrom*'s first record, and she later became a full-time member. Alongside Gut, Hales, Suzanne Kötter and the Dutch musician Marion P. Dwaner.

Maelstrom recorded until 1984 or so, recording a handful of singles and one album for later to be *Les Brûlés Du Désespoir*. New York's *Cash* and *Big Boy*, which in 1983 released. *Maelstrom* a cassette documenting live sessions at New York's *Danceteria* and Washington DC's 930 Club. The group's first appearance at the latter venue, years earlier, was significant for another reason. It was where they met The Birthday Party. "We were supposed to have a gig at the 930 Club," recalls Gut, "and they ended up as saying, 'You're not so famous, but thank this other band that also not very famous. The Birthday Party—would you mind sharing the bill?' Because I loved it in the nightclub I knew them. I think they had one single out with a birthday cake on it, and I played it for the gig and said, 'I think we should do this. There's something interesting there.' So we met them and it turned into a longer relationship, and they moved to Berlin. It was great, this little thing that happened. They were from Australia, they were from Berlin, both of them from countries that we were not designed for musical careers. You had to be from England or America to be someone."

Listening to *Maelstrom* today, it's hard to understand why the group haven't attained a posthumous or critical status that enjoyed by The Slits or The Contortions, their coolly minimalist single and short sharp shocks with a rubber sax. Songs like "Kaiser Krewel/Wasser" and "Hau' Tui zu Run" balance hypnotic, mastic grooves with chaotic outbursts of saxophone and

gears. The group disbanded, briefly, in the early 80s, making a new EP and an album, *Cherrie*. And in 2000 and 2001, members like Chicks On Speed, Barbara Morganbauer, DJ Kater and The Maddest briefly gave "Wasser" a second heyday.

After *Maelstrom* split up, during one of their numerous US tours, Gut recruited Maelstrom, a performance project launched with with Duaneau and ex-*Maria D* colleague on Gut's at Kötter's *Documenta 7* in 1983 as a synth-pop trio with a dark, waxy Gothic edge. Gut lamented that this one of her career is often glossed over, though in truth *Maelstrom*'s early work is aged as well as *Maelstrom*. Made with the synths and samplers of the late 80s and early 90s, it evokes the unstable world of as one that has yet to be recognized as anything but *Maelstrom*. But *Maelstrom* did mark the beginnings of Gut's ongoing relationship with electronic music. With studio rates rising, the group invited in an Atari computer and Cues sampler and taught themselves enough programming and production skills to mostly assemble their second and third live albums.

However for *Maelstrom*'s music had drifted from their original, original one reason from the *Maelstrom* days remained: the importance of collaborating with other women. "I worked with men in [early] bands," remembers Gut, "and it was pretty obvious that there was always competition with men. I don't like that feeling. You want to be creative and you want to be free. You have to be open to experiment and you can't if you're competing with someone. And that was mostly with men. Maybe I'm kind of a pushy person or whatever." She laughs to "I wasn't there. I got much more pushy later." Her "pushy" was a more of a desire to expand the club scene. "For me it was like starting all over again," she states. "From scratch. Even with the big bands, I didn't think of it as anything special because we were girls, I thought, 'Everything starts all over now. It's all new and it's all right!'"

If 1985 represented a first year, 1986 a second one, 1987 represented in 1989 The Wall came down and the youth of East and West side headed together under the banner of Techno. "Before the Wall came down," says Gut, "I wanted to leave Berlin. The scene was getting redundant. It was very dark, very moody—kind of nihilistic. No wonder this kind of white-light Techno thing got started. It made sense at the time, because everything had gotten so dark."

As with punk, war required shifting allegiances. "When Techno started and I began going to it, I was and I think, it was a natural move for me," Gut says. "But not many of my old friends went that way. It was like, 'Ugh, Techno, that's horrible!'" As much as the music, the sense of openness and possibility that Techno's social structures engendered appealed to Gut. Beginning in 1988, she might together a number of intensive collaborations—most notably *Rhythim Party* (which turned solo artist Anita Lane, Candace performance artist Myra DeVore, Duaneau, Danielle de Piccolotto, Bergalt—to record *Members Of The Green Club* a vocal-fronted album of Techno-infused pop, Ambient and downtempo beats). "People think it's a compilation, but it was a live thing. Gut, I was working on solo stuff all the time, from the beginning. Even in *Maelstrom*, I always had my little solo pieces. But I think I like to work with people instead of just being in a studio and the song with people, so the idea became to do the whole project involving friends."

"Green, for me, was a word for 'festive,'" she continues. "It wasn't an occupied space. Because when you go diving, it's a new world. That was the idea of the Green Club. The Green Club became a real space—and it was a different sort—when

"Before the Wall came down I wanted to leave Berlin. The scene was getting redundant. It was very dark, very waxy and depressive. No wonder this kind of white-light Techno thing got started"





Gut and friends presented the club's release party in a basement room at Berlin's Trezz in 1999. De Piccotto, a multimedia artist and co-founder of Berlin's Love Parade, used an army of float-study materials to reconstruct the room as a sort of underwater Greek theater artist added to the effect with a light performance reflected off the rotating turntables. Teaser offered Gut and her accomplices a regular gig, and the one-off became a Sunday night regular where Döner Club members Gut, Thomas Föhmann, Mermad Jeklin, Mike Vamp and Chris Paus and guests like Ron Finkler produced it's eclectic, left-of-center music from the pulsating Berlin upstairs. In addition to DJing, some members also performed idiosyncratic live sets, like Gut's experiments with loops and delay alongside other DJs. The boundaries between genres and performance practices, appropriate to the name of the event, remained fluid. "One night, for instance," she recalls, "we only played *Wine CDs*"—referring not to the group, but rather the *Wine* Super compilations given away with the magazine.

Eventually moving to a residency at Berlin's WMF club, with later one-offs at Club M, the Döner Club also began transposing its embrace across Western Europe. But its real impact turned out to be as a subterranean, reshaping the fabric of "official" Berlin in two important ways. One was radio. Beginning in 1993, Gut and Föhmann began broadcasting weekly Döner Club radio show on Radio Eins every Friday night. Like the club nights, it has refused to be bound by convention—a recent show broadcast not only music from regular collaborators and electronic music figures (Barbie Brownstein, Schneeweiß, Jurek Kops) but also Miles Davis and The 2nd Step. That range is typical for the show, which Gut and Föhmann produce in the studio as opposed to live on air. "We do it like a compilation," she explains. "We record it as if it were a record, and then we do all the post-production. We are not radio people, we're recording a record, so we thought, let's do it the way we know it." Heard across the city and throughout the region, the Döner Club radio show became an important conduit for the transmission of alternative frequencies at a time when Berlin's music scene entered a crucial state of flux. Today, the radio show is now archived across stations in Frankfurt, Nuremberg, Hamburg, Beijing and Siberia.

The Berlin Festival proved Gut's other significant invention: one-off city parties. When, in 2000, East Berlin's *Waldhaus* theatre invited the Döner Club to fill the entire space, the collective decided to extend the invitation to their colleagues on the German underground. The first such presentation introduced the Redding College label Kompakt to Berlin audiences, while the following year, Sternemann scored as the launch of Mute Records. But the sites really exploded in 2002. "We thought, *Hein*, we don't want to do another label showcase—why don't we look in our own city?" she says. "Kompakt is easy. *Mute* is easy, but Berlin has so many interesting labels, why not do something with that? It didn't have the style of Kompakt, but that kind of aesthetic statement, but Berlin was a mixture of really different music scenes." A landmark moment for Berlin's independent label scene as the 90s had managed to secure its footing from the city government is, presumably, the money coming from the memory of culture, but of finance—thereby legitimizing the economic face of independent music in a city that was still redefining itself after 44 years of division.

Naming the festival *Binnenmarkt* (referring to Berlin's official border symbol), they reinvented a problem

"I like the idea of using music that isn't normally used – blues, tango, polka – old fashioned nostalgic excerpts from a different world of music put into a new dress"

Binnenmarkt was a registered trademark owned by Weiskopf, after a cease and desist order, the organizers changed the name so its head no longer was Mark R.

Gut had a personal investment in the state of Berlin's independent labels, naming two herself. Beginning in 1991, she rebranded Moleks, launched in 1982, so CD editions of out-of-print Moleks titles as well as releases from Moleks and Moleks. And in 1997 she launched Moleks's sister label, the legend with which she is now most closely associated in its origins, Moleks—the name commemorates a part of Berlin's untamed desire after leaping from its tank in the night—was tied to Berlin's *Waldhaus* music scene. Some of the late 90s, with Berlin going full blast and the major labels and radio clubs devoted to mainstream rock, Berlin offered few opportunities for more eclectic artists. Frustrated with the official channels, musicians and promoters began hosting events in people's living rooms—"like parties in their houses, and somebody was sitting down for the first time, just for the alcohol, very close, with a realness!" says Gut.

"I saw Barbara Morgenstern in a living room for the first time," she continues, "and I was like, wow. Sooner I think it's much more of a place—for me it's much more to play a live audience than a small one. And they were in the living room and she was with her keyboards and a rhythm box, singing to it with people just sitting around her. She had kind of a strange voice, too, and I thought, *What is she doing?* It was a very friendly atmosphere, nice. In opposition to—just elegant but it's not in the Berlin."

One such *Waldhaus* artist was Jurek Kops, who, with his duo with Nils, had a more focused, melancholic pop sensibility with electric guitars and subtle electronic treatments. "I thought it was really beautiful," says Gut. "It used to get her a deal but I realized there was no company into this kind of music, they all wanted stadium rock. This was the opposite: *Quark?* 'Waldhaus'!" "Geldkopf" became the first Moleks release. The compilation *Mute* Pura Moleks was followed shortly after showcasing artists like Quark, Morgenstern, Moleks, Schneeweiß, Schneeweiß, Harald Slack, Ziegler and even DJ Koolha (in his *Waldhaus* Noise guise).

Moleks' name as a reputation for foregrounding upcoming female artists—indeed, Gut is currently assembling the third edition of the compilation series *Waldhaus Mute*. Beyond gender, the label also attends to the central status of the music industry by seeking out artists far from the usual music capitals—the first two editions have drawn from Buenos Aires and Tokyo. Gut declares that it's essential to give a platform to women. "Not that women only play together—I think it's great if it's a mixed band—but to have the female voice," she continues. "The pop world is really conservative there. It's mostly 50/50 in the working world, or maybe a little worse, but in the music world, just look at the magazines—it's boys' club. I don't like

that." Not that Moleks is a closed shop—its ranks also include James Figueira like Döner and Robert Lepik, as well as Laurens Plus, whose *Dance For Fun And For Money* is a recent new album.

The day to day business of running a label, alongside her Döner Club and Moleks commitments, meant Gut went a whole decade without releasing her own music on it. That changed last year with its sixth release on it, *I Put A Record On*. For all its stark, loop-based computer pop, thrumming with accordions, Ethelmer rhythms, glitched electronics, organic samples and husky vocals, there's a continuity with her earlier work. While the beats are somewhere as pronounced as her drumming in Moleks, the album has an unmistakable rhythmic insistence. "I'm looking for a noise band" enthuses Gut. "I want to play drums again, after hearing so much singer-songwriter music and folk." And in a nod to the Döner Club, there's a display of aquatic quality: her loops and layered beats and samples, brushed percussion and filtered delay twist together like tangled seaweed, with her voice swimming coyly between.

The album's highlight is its closing track "Move Me," a six-minute odyssey of tango and dub that first appeared in 2005 as a 7" on Helsinki Ensigner. Gut's label, backed by a remix from Thomas Föhmann. The idea for the song came pretty from a Moleks party in Buenos Aires that ended in a tear of the city's biggest bars, and partly from a mix CD of old hits that Gut put together for her mother. "I like the idea of using music that isn't exactly what," she explains. "Like blues, tango, polka—old fashioned nostalgic excerpts from a different world of music put into a new dress. But not being aware, at the same time—it's a bit of a trick."

We end our interview staring at an empty bottle of vodka. Gut is talking about artists in Berlin who have promise but need to focus. "That's why it took me so long," she says. "Working on music, you really need to be able to create your own bubble and be in that bubble for awhile. Otherwise it's not worth it. I used to have this unfocusedness. Because I didn't finish anything for such a long time, it was really important for me to finish the album, and now I really want to cling to it. I think I found a kind of focus, with a tiny little key there and there's much more beyond it. I don't want it to get too cluttered, so that I can't get in there any more. You have to have the clear thing happening. If you find it, you shouldn't lose it. But when you work on music, you find the point where you think, *Oh, now I'm close. When you get really close, that's interesting, and you find it. To not agree that but just go for it, that's interesting. But I think it's important always to remind you self when you're at that stage—because otherwise it's so hard to get in any more, and you lose it."* Gut's *I Put A Record On* is available on Moleks Enterprises. For more music by Gut, visit www.thereis.no.de

The Primer Henry Cow

An occasional guide to the selected recordings of a particular artist or genre. This month: Philip Clark traces the legacy of Henry Cow, the UK Rock In Opposition group formed in the spirit of 68, through their unlikely merger with avant pop songsters Slapp Happy, to their offspring Art Bears and The Work. Illustration: Savage Pencil

In 1975, avant rock group Henry Cow were in Rome, ready to write the last chapter of a story that began in 1969 when two Cambridge University students Tim Hodgkinson and Fred Frith met in the wilderness of blues club Frith was a guitarist, violinist and singer who had been involved from playing Beatles covers in a school band to discovering the blues through British blues newswriter Alexis Korner. Hodgkinson was a clarinetist and saxophonist, whose primary influence was John Coltrane. The two men played what Frith later described as a "gleefully screaming noise far half as loud" and realised they were kindred spirits. A lifetime of collaboration had been initiated.

By 1976, Henry Cow hid away from numerous line-ups and evolutions in musical politics, and the obstacles for them in the UK was about getting *bleaker* at the time. The intention for doing of Miles Davis's *Tribute* (which had confirmed the worst suspicions of their label), the then fledgling Virgin Records. If Richard Dwyer wanted a vinyl set then Cow's progressive line of rock, open form jazz, challenging oppositional schemes and Frith had using forms was a long task. This relationship had broken down in immaturity and the only way forward was a divorce. So, in Rome, they packed up the bus that would become their mobile home for the next three years with instruments and sound equipment, and hit the road. Opposition from the Italian Communist Party invited them to play at (left) open air festivals known as Festa d'Unità, and Henry Cow joined a musician's collective in Milan. One gig landed them the next and the group survived as self-sufficient exiles from the UK rock scene, opening up a new line of connections between the continental and UK alternative rock scenes that survives today in the spirit of Henry Cow drummer Chris Cutler's Red Red, set up to document/record music. Many of the early days in Italy Henry Cow relied on a group identity: some Cutler took over the drum chair in September 1971. His background in R&B and soul outfits added another layer of learning to a practice that had already increased exponentially. The group's first bassist Andy Powell was studying with composer Roger Smalley who implemented the notion that it was feasible – desirable even – to

compose extended pieces for the instrumentation of rock groups. Smalley introduced them to the music and concepts of Stockhausen, Cage and Cage, and to influences that were, at least on the surface, more personal, such as Zappa, Coltrane, Beethoven and Bob Marley. The following year Henry Cow wrote and performed music for a Robert Walker production of Euripides's *The Bacchae*. The process involved three weeks of meeting rehearsal and workshopping, not making and rewriting the music through discussions with Walker and between themselves. They emerged creatively plugged in and a qualitatively different unit.

The problem was, Henry Cow may have walked away from a rock group, but they certainly didn't fall into one, or leave any of the same working practices. They necessarily used the last by writing away pushed beyond their present capabilities, learning how to play it and then moving forward to tackle new challenges. Decisions – musical and about the minute of day to day life – were made collectively in weekly meetings and had to be passed unanimously. This guiding principle was that any member could enter into a discussion with the composer of a piece to change anything they had written. The composer did not have rights of veto, and again discussion was promoted without visiting to one authority figure. Composition by consensus is usually full of healthy compromises, but their collective identity held its own discipline. Each member contributed by constantly testing their assumptions and redundant methodologies. The fluid interchange of ideas was placed at a premium; the finished product was of less consequence.

When Geoff Leigh, the second saxophone player in the group, quit at the end of 1972, there was a strategic decision not to replace him with another saxophonist. The arrival of obit and bassoonist Lindsay Cooper brought a newer double reed tone, a powerful statement in itself, and one that turned out the jazz language. And there were strings while recording their second album, *Unrest*, at Virgin's Manor Studios, the Cow members met the German band avant garde pop trio Slapp Happy and the two groups temporarily became one, collaborating on two albums, *Dependent Strategies* and *In Profile Of*

Learning. Later, another joint venture as Henry Cow merged with Miles Westbrooks's Grass Band and the folk singer Frankie Armstrong to form *The Undertones*, a project that went officially undocumented but survives through an eager trade in bootlegs.

The vibrant culture of selling new vocals and mergers was to reach out and embrace fellow travellers, although the Cows weren't afraid to listen to what the music was telling them back and call musicians when it remained required. In May 1974, there was an uncomfortable taste of the authentic risk of a full lifestyle when they opened for Captain Beefheart on an extended UK tour. Realising that they were unwittingly being sucked into playing the same music every night, they asked Lindsay Cooper to leave, obliging them to dismantle their current books and genres away their inner relationships. This mutually unstable for seeking might seem cruel, but reflects the idealism of the time, Cooper was, however, quickly reinstated, and 30 years on her playing feels consistently bold and ripe for a renewal. When former Slapp Happy vocalist Glynis Knapton, who stayed with Henry Cow after the group merger ended, left because of ill health, they took the most radical step of all – they ditched all their composed material and turned playing live improvisations.

The end was not due to burnout, but to an ideological clash. Knapton's dream made touring impossible but she agreed to be on the next album, for which Frith and Cutler wrote a set of songs. A meeting decided that this material should be issued separately because an album of songs was not in the true spirit of Cow. The instrumental tracks were issued as Henry Cow's final album, *Western Culture*. Frith, Cutler and Knapton merged into The Art Bears. Henry Cow was therefore over, but a final six months of touring was undertaken to revisit all these various in Europe that had supported them. Then a final two fingered salute to the members as Henry Cow invited four European groups to perform in London's Grouchy Lane as they they termed RIG – Rock In Opposition – with a slogan that yelled "Five Rock Groups The Record Companies Don't Want You To Hear!" They lived by democracy and had voted themselves out of office.



Heavy Sex early 1970s (left to right): Geoff Leigh, Rodriguez, Pryde, Geller, John Krenshaw





Slapp Happy, and the (left to right) Wrights, Larkin, Lindsay Cooper, Gwynne, Blagovest, Cullen, Trish



Henry Cow merged with Slapp Happy. 1970. Left to right: Anthony Moore, John Gwynne, Cullen, Peter Blagovest, Eugene Klause, 1970. Slapp Happy

Slapp Happy & Henry Cow Desperate Straights

10/10/2014

Anglo-US-German avant garde pop duo Slapp Happy had already ruled Poljudor in their Hamburg base, but their didn't stop pouring in the flood of American people when they relocated to the UK in 1970. Their 1972 debut record, *Sort Of* consisted of roughed-up pop songs accompanied by the primitive to me of Krautiers derailed. It sold so poorly that Polygram withheld the release of their second album, *Crucible Mass*, and the trio were at Manor Studios to record the material with British avant-garde musicians for release on Virgin.

At this distance, sympathy between Slapp Happy and Henry Cow might seem improbable, but there were in fact numerous points of departure. Slapp Happy was founded by Anthony Moore, a British multi-instrumentalist and composer who held the mainstream in contempt, while Slapp Happy guitarist Peter Blagovest was a former member of Faust, familiar to the members of Henry Cow from an earlier joint tour. Vladimir Gwynne Kraut's strikingly laid-out take on a post-Kurt Weill Berlin singing style resonated with Cow's interest in Brecht. It was Slapp Happy who invited Cow to be their backing group for *Desperate Straights* and, as Cullen put it, "it wasn't a hard decision."

The tide track is not the expected sardonic Brechtian showcase for Kraut, but a Red Fowell-like piano solo, dropped in without explanation and complete with an insistent wailing fool from the engine room. The dramatic of "Strayed" - with its sentiments about "the new German postmodernism..."

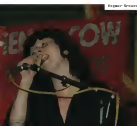
interfere with clearly being here today" - is hooked on a sliding Hawaiian guitar sound, and then there's the burlesque "Giant" in which Peter Blagovest delivers a not altogether respectful Dylan-like vocal over a heavy shuffle rhythm. But two tracks come closest to "Yacht" Cow's to the obscure "Bad Anthony" has no pretensions to changing names explicitly apart from Cullen's rhythmically imperious splash cymbal, while the disorienting instrumental "Crucible Lullaby" consists of overdubbed channel lines positioned slightly out of time against low register peevish riffs, all wired up to seek out the interference of upper partials. No pop record ever ended like this before.

Henry Cow in Praise Of Learning

10/10/2014

With the cover back now tinted revolutionary red and left wing documentary maker John Gwynne's slogan - "Art is Not A Mirror - It Is A Hammer" - reprinted on the back, *In Praise Of Learning* symbolized a hardening of attitudes. Recording *Desperate Straights* had been a creatively cordial process, leading to the folding of Slapp Happy into Henry Cow. But rehearsing for *In Praise Of Learning* in the glacial conditions of a ten-unheated school gymnasium in winter need torments to the surface, and the merger was already disfigured by the time the album was recorded. Peter Blagovest, in particular, found the politics hard going.

Gwynne Kraut's charismatic presence fundamentally overhauled Henry Cow, as their political manifesto was now explicitly stated. The opening song "We" is referenced in the lyric to



Dagmar Krause

Henry Cow with Robert Wyatt (center). Le Ban, 1979



"A Woman Is At Work" on *Disparate Straight*, but gone is any of the first album's lightness of touch. Krause is throwing metaphorical rice at the audience with her punk Spontaneous infusing lyrics about "Violence conquers the parcel mind" and "Merch does what she has to do to get what they deserve." Incidentally, the song takes a gain context with a collage of angry white noise, which breaks apart into a jaunty jazz trumpet solo.

Revolutionary sentiments mirrored in appropriately hardcore lyrics and a deliberately awkward, musically ostentatious structure. Unlike the rest of the album in retrospect, Tim Hodgkinson's extended piece "Living In The Heart Of The Beast" is perhaps the antithetical Cow statement and, although the term "Book Is Oppressed" had yet to be coined, this was the prototype. The piece unfolds as a sheltered, braided structure beginning with Fritz's baritone guitar tossed in counterpoint against Krause's desolate voice. Chordless instrumental rumblings are met with monolithic guitar outbursts, and, when Krause purposefully enunciates the word "fear", guitar distortions break the emotion with an ominous subtlety.

On what was side two, a collage and an apocalyptic free improvisation surrounded a song, "Beautiful As The Moon - Terrible As An Army With Banners." With an stopped back instrument as backdrop throwing all the elements on the line, this song played seeds that grew into *The Art Bears*. The closing track, "Blazing Star," led by Hodgkinson's snaking, inquisitive clarinet, underscored with evocative bassoon and saxophone sounds and real-time improvisations from Cutler's left. It's an exciting instrumental response to Krause's opening provocations.

Dagmar Krause Tank Battles

APRIL 25 (3) 1989

This late DIs Krause album was a headable idiom to put a contemporary spin on Eisenstein's songs. A previous project, the now very rare *Supply And Demand*, added Kurt Weill to the equation, but Krause has the advantage of focusing on near forgotten material. The album's success is evidenced around the creative arrangements of the Tom Waits (Don Demco Coleman) based *Greg Cohen*, who wistfully evokes 1930s Berlin while hinting at a contemporary Krautrock atmosphere. "Song Of The Whitefish" pits ostentatious woodwind writing against a searing rhythmic plot, while "Change The World - It Needs It" has an ironic clarity of expression. The depth of Krause's feeling for these songs, and the extent to which she fed the Baker aesthetic into Cow, is immediately apparent. Her vocal production, the shaping of later melodic contours and the brittle, staccato phrasing we all sedulity shaped by Baker's work. Lindsay Cooper guests on bassoon, John Tilbury is on piano.

Henry Cow Concerts

REL 1450 1972-1975

Time had come to end the experimental period of Henry Cow. With most of their work done in Central Europe, Virgo was as useless to Cow as the group were a commercial burden. Ending the contract was surprisingly straightforward, as a careful reading of the small print revealed Cow work day price studio time flat, when insisted upon: was defined. They pressed for a termination which could hardly be

readily refused, and celebrated their freedom with the release of a double LP set of hardcore live material on the Norwegian independent label. Compensated that would have left the suits at Virgo seriously displeased.

Concerts is the ultimate Cow anthology, showing off every aspect of their work. A 36 minute show recorded for a 1975 edition of John Peel's show begins with "Beautiful As The Moon, Terrible As An Army With Banners" and segues into a revelatory overhaul of "Nirvana For Me" that struts with a deep funk while having a throwing independence in the other parts that nudges towards the edge of Grimey's Prime Time. Cooper contributes a spectacular, gnarly bassoon solo that shows this moment of Cows past foreverly into the future.

Also from 36 are extracts from a gig that edited Robert Wyatt to the regular Cow line-up. Krause and Wyatt sing a duo version of "Bad Albion" from *Disparate Straight*, and follow with a tape-recorded take on Wyatt's "Little Red Riding Hood Hits The Road". A live remake of "Blaze" is the studio-assembled collage from *Leaves*, recorded a few months later in Italy, is surprisingly successful. The speeded-up clip of the original is tightly snipped out by Cutler's liner misnomers, and there's a climactic coda to listeners as Krause waxes on Fritz's original water part.

The situation at Virgo had left Cow's free improvisations, which had become central to their aesthetic, lacking documentation. The second disc plugs that gap with some shorter, chamber music-like improvisations from 1972 and a vast improvisational canvas, "Cello", that lingers in the



Chris Cutler & Fred Frith

The Work



imagination. It takes a little while for a direction to establish itself as spiky elements are contained within the swirling counterflows. Then Lindsay Cooper introduces a tipping point with a soaring melodic line that's also a call to action. The section peaks with a snowblinding mass of lines that cross each other like massed circular breathing, as Knouse lets up with her most bloodcurdling wailing or roared. The scenes might be different, but a powerful ability of purpose connects between Cow's improvisations and compositions and the "fuck your message."

Fred Frith
Guitar Solos
 1991 CD 2014
Chris Cutler & Fred Frith
2 Gentlemen In Verona
 1979 CD 2011

In the midst of all the tailoring, the elegant and refined *Guitar Solos* album put the spotlight on another Fred Frith—a composer/improviser with a near-classical sense of decorum. Originally released as Virgin's no-frills budget imprint Caroline in an attempt to reach out to a larger audience, the album was eventually acclaimed at its time, but today feels rather self-conscious and not a little plain. There is a satirical bond with Henry Cow in the concentration on studio technique: the first track, "Felix's Music," deploys a pre-flop system that layers overdubs back on top of Frith's rhythmic verve, while later tracks introduce prepared guitars and distorted tuning systems. The closing piece, "Two Birds," filters the instrument through echo and reverb, their apples defying an ongoing structure. *2 Gentlemen In Verona*—recorded a quarter of a century later live in the Italian city—is in contrast

a first modern classic. The noisy, live-in-the-studio complexity of Cutler's acoustic and electronic let-downs into strident rock beats and rigid marching patterns, around which Frith weaves massed sonarities and simple jagged patterns. The CD, with its designer bad cover art, is smugged in "fads" and "fakes" like an opera—but this drama is a purely musical case.

The Work
Live In Japan
 1979 CD 1998
 See
 1979/RECORDING CD 1993

The Work was Tim Hodgkinson's post-punk unit, formed with bassist Bill Gilman in 1982. The group's best was that they edited an unheralded level of rhythmic complexity to punk, getting around the notion where lesser groups brought only attitude. Live in Japan was recorded in 1983 in front of a hilariously sustained-up audience who sound like they're politely applauding Schubert piano sonatas. The music feels infinitely malleable as the fragmented rhythmic flow sometimes and hits accumulative stresses like the first free jazz. Hodgkinson's words have a controlled, snaking moan and he also sees playing continually into the pot. Chris Cutler (speaking for regular Work drummer Rick Wilson, who had split after several disagreements) is a dynamic presence, and the album ends with the group's anthem, "I Hate America."

See in a studio album recorded a decade later with the original line-up reunited. A track like "The Two" brings studio collage techniques into play, but the group's inner fire is, quite honestly, enough on its own.

Lindsay Cooper in Italy, 2006



Henry Cow Western Culture RIT CD 1070

There's a moment on *Western Culture* that epitomizes the spectrum of Henry Cow concerns, as guesting free-jazz pianist Irene Schweizer plays torrents of oblique-note clusters as the rhythm section members a slowly walk beat. This was Henry Cow's videotaped studio statement, and the piece does come thick and fast. Despite cover photographs that rears expectations, there's no sign of the merged group with Mike Westbrook and Frankie Armstrong, while Cow's powerful new cello and bass voice, George Borst, brought in as John Oswald's permanent replacement, is present only as three tracks. Despite their independence from Virgin, Cow couldn't quite deliver a studio record that reflected their current status as a live group.

A group in their death throes, arguably one that had thrashed it all out and made the decision to split, do not normally choose their moment to deliver their steepest and most considered record to date. This music has a cocksure confidence of expression that suggests the years of searching for a music had resulted in the sort of cohesiveness. The increasing complexity of the compositions is noticeable both on the surface of the information-overload a characteristic and in the intricately interwoven structures. Tim Hodgkinson's three-part *History & Prospects* is the album's dominant voice of urban and cultural decline, portended through intricate problems that hold resolution or only coexistence is distant. Guest tenorist Astar Mene Rorlofs forms a pungent low register perspective against the persistent shrill of Lindsay Cooper's bassoon. Cooper's own four-part *Day By Day* begins with a Westbrook-like atmosphere she has underscored by Frith's manic futurist benji

strumming. The second section, "Orbit's Tale," opens with a sonic shriek that means with increasing insistence. But less deeper and there are subtle subplots, like the pinhead howl of Rorlofs' trashed bombast eerily partnered against the bombast of Schweizer's piano. A recording history that began preferring *Witness* for near-weds with the fury of an elegantly stated requiem.

Art Bears Art Box RCA 4-62 (STEREO)

The fundamental premise of Henry Cow was: "Those who fail to learn from history are doomed to repeat it." As prize minister Jim Callaghan's *Winter of Discontent* was about to turn into a ouster politics altogether, the music too, needed to play catch-up. Given the Inevitable Motion, Art Bears emerged from the fold of Henry Cow's demise with surprising understanding and complexity. Released in 2004, this boxed Art Bears anthology contains their three studio albums, remixed and a CD single of bonus...

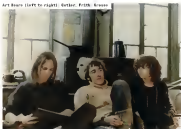
The first Art Bears album, *Music And Fear*, was the material originally intended for Western Culture. Frith, Cutler and Krause are the prominent voices, with the other Cows credited as guests. And therein a dramatic aesthetic leap. Gone is the case of whyness that was part of Henry Cow, as songs are stripped to an expressive and musical skeleton as though songwriting was a luxury that could be afforded. *Music And Fear* begins with a setting of Brecht's "On Sweeney," and a disarming allegory is drawn between sickness of the mind and reduction of the body politic. Melodies that sound like dystopian folk tunes are twisted against themselves, with tedious dissonant harmony pulling them apart like a cancer. In a further break with Henry Cow politics, there

was now no collective decision making. Each track was constructed layer by layer in the studio, and if a musician had an idea they acted on it instantly, without discussion.

The second Art Bears album, *Winter Songs*, is informed by studio techniques far far from Henry Cow and the music is driven by Frith's powerful guitar drives and viscous wail wailing, with collaged textures and conceptual looping of material intensifying the experience. Cutler's texts were drawn from carvings he found at Armines Cathedral that opened his imagination to ancient mythologies.

The last Art Bears record, *The World As It Is Today*, is the darkest, rebuking out of the Gothic forms of *Winter Songs* to inspire out with increasing urgency to the desperate straits of the day. Henry Cow lived a quiet quiet life in the background.

But never really went away. The group with a solidarity for all their members, a groove of seeking about how music works and connects with a bigger picture. Their legacy is felt in the shared pool of knowledge the group left, the poetry of which is demonstrated by the fact the musicians can't help but keep working together. Frith and Hodgkinson remain operational as a duo, Cutler and Cooper formed News From Babel, while Hodgkinson continued to work with Krause as well, Cooper and Bann founded the Feminist Improvising Group. Fans, of course, remain hopeful for a reunion, but coming together to play the old things now we did sometimes lie against the walls of Cow. It's no reunion as Henry Cow put us, but Hodgkinson, Frith and Cutler were sighted at The Stone in New York City in 2007, reviewing their common language and defining a new set of goals. 40 years on from a group born in the spirit of 68, there's plenty to be pulled from Henry Cow yet. □



Charts

Playlists from the outer limits



Omega Point 15

[illegible]

Paris
Transatlantic 15

[illegible]

Compiled by: [Devi Wilbur](mailto:Devi.Wilbur@unh.edu) (Editor-in-Chief)
 MATHS: maths@unh.edu or unh.edu/math

Imaginary
Broadcast 15

[illegible]

Cancelled for the 1994 season. Ladies' Events on

The Office Ambience

[illegible]

Controlled by The Film Control Division

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Soundcheck This month's selected CDs and vinyl

Left to right: Beth Gibbons, Geoff Barnett, Adrian Upton

Portishead Third CD/DVD

Portishead's art and flower will be considered the angriest and primary exponents of triphop—the goopy amalgam of lolling beats and levitating textures that was the vague soundtrack from rave's vivid, dynamic contours in the early to mid-90s. In *Musicbox*, the label is inescapable and more than a little sinister. If triphop was a comfort blanket for speakers out of control and drug-conscious, the description bears little resemblance to Portishead's 1994 debut *Dummy*, a dirt patchwork of spiny beats, distorted vocals and fragile, eerily loose lyrics. Lulu Schifano and Johnny Marr's guitars (which later guitars turned back into) were somewhat, coffee-table cool, beyond commercial swiftness was surely not part of the programme when Geoff Barnett, a young hip-hop DJ and engineer, began switching tapes with singer Beth Gibbons on a government Enterprise Training Scheme in 1991. Somewhere, the consumptive beats and faltering vocals of the resulting album *Dummy* found an unexpected—yet somehow appropriate—resonance in the bleak, recession-hit Britain of the early 90s. In a manner analogous to fashion's bleakness of the era, Portishead's third music even became eerily chic, sounding out from clothing stores and the background of "yell TV" shows.

Faced with this commercial success, it's easy to ignore how substantially Portishead changed the shape of triphop. Around a year after the release of *Dummy*, Mike D's complete use of crime, dusted piano loops in *The Inbetween* cast New York rap back into a new dark age of existential gangster angst. Portishead's self-paced beats like a wisp of sound player running out of steam, and sniffs, are less post-hip-hop (mediated in a layer of audio crackle, became part of the language of the genre so quickly that their role in forging them was quickly lost to time.

Like fellow Bristolers Tricky, Portishead could use beats to evoke psychological states. While Tricky's disjunctured productions suggested the free-associating flow of a mind spinning out of control, Portishead's bleak, hollow beats felt like listening beneath the implicit heat of depression. If this was doom, it was the detached reality of a heroin fiend. If it was funk, it was in the sense of a dependence that won't quit.

By their 1999 self-titled album, many of the banding tracks were played live and subsequently sampled, so that the music as a whole became a second-generation, gritty facsimile. Often the beats slowed down to a maling crowd, as on the frenziedly

slow "Only You." The latter's crab-like screeches exploded not defiantly or maliciously but something more like amazement, with each screech leaving at the capriciousness of the music. Beth Gibbons's vocals were becoming ever more stylized and, on "Cowboys" and "All Mine", her deliberately precise, dissonant vocals—often heavily twisted—imposed a physical tension which is almost painful.

After pursuing their aesthetic to its logical conclusion, Portishead's studio fell into a rut for ten years, which makes one wonder why they have decided to re-emerge now. The typically prosaic title of *Third* and the usual "P" motif on the cover make one doubt if they have anything new to communicate. But the album attempts to free itself from the gulf of Portishead's past, for a brief period, it escapes it.

From the outset, the sampled, looping beats are gone and the middle of old vinyl is absent. Opening track "Blimo" begins with a crackle of static, before a rapid, then rapid rhythm suggests *Third*. Here, as even *The Last Poets*, with guitars which grate and distort as if they're trying to imitate this post-rock attack. After several minutes, Gibbons's habitually introspective vocals begin picking through the musical wreckage like an avian survivor.

"Helter" is even stranger, the dry percussion carrying them echoes of nightclubs (drumming, and the guitars again sound like nervous fits, reversed, speared and bent into enigmatic knots. Gibbons's vocals intensify as against the layered melodies, as if screeching at a riotous job. Here, *Third* evokes primitive, dust-dry funk (but of fragments, less and more).

But if Portishead is trying to tear up the pieces of their past, the remainder of the album ends up a jumbled jigsaw, with enormous influences thrown into the mix. "The Rip" begins as a folk lament

Portishead's attempt to return better and stronger has lost the emptiness that gave them soul. By Derek Watersley

before transforming into a wearily pretty non-let Kraftwerk pastiche. "We Carry On" concludes with glitching 80s youth-style guitars, a strangely aggressive coda that hangs awkwardly in the air. "Deep Water" is a misplaced Countryfied lament with adolescent doo-wop vocals. The album's two concluding tracks, "Mega Doom" and "Thruhead", are a return to the looping beats and anxious grooves of their earlier work. But with a sense of claustrophobia and social hooded professionalism which negates their distinctive emotional charge. There's also a perpetual contradiction throughout between Beth Gibbons's vocals and Adrian Upton's happily erotic songcraft; the former's tenderness is an intensely depressive as it's never been, while the latter's over-the-top, over-the-top attempts to paper over the psychological cracks.

In the 90s, Portishead's lasting achievement was to turn the dynamics of triphop inside out. Inside Geoff Barnett's dreamy dedication of *Dummy* to "all triphop artists who were/are", turning the genre's grooves for rhythmic synthesis into hollow noise and dissonance, and swapping lyrical free association for vocal dread, it was like wandering through the debris of *First Blood*. A powerful chronicle of claustrophobia (nostalgia remains, less, closed), the sense of a wrong, physical and emotional, it what made it singular.

There is a brave attempt to build new foundations for Portishead's music, and adding in the noise yields two impressive tracks of dogged, obsessive primitivism. But by creating a new body for Portishead's music, the sense of alienated despair (which defined the group has been lost, and the new influences feel like intruding foreign bodies. Like an addict who's cleaned up, the sense of yearning is no longer there: the spell is broken, the moment passed. □

Abbauchiatinas Even In The Midst

DAVID FORBES

The Same And The Other

THEATRICAL CONDUCTOR

Abbauchiatinas celebrate their fifth year together with their sixth studio album *Even In The Midst*, a measure of their second studio effort from 2004. *The Same And The Other* on John Zorn's Tzadik label. The North Carolina-based trio of Steve Piovoski (sax), Scott Amend (sax) and Derek Poff (bass) have built a cult following in the US, with their own level of complex structural risk.

What separates Abbauchiatinas from other third road power trio is the variety of textures in their recordings. Each composition is structured enough to always feel at least a tattered introduction to itself but, however, forward or explosive the tone to become, nothing ever descends into chaos. Unfazed at melody, the guitar often plays intricate yet nervous arpeggios of almost pop movements. Likewise there's great dynamic variation. "Good Good Good" from *The Same And The Other* is a strong example. Piovoski's guitar quickly builds down into melodic lines before falling and floating with distortion, and finally the composition settles in a tide of power chords and strong tones. It's a world away from the all or nothing monochromatic of lesser acts.

The best compositions here, with titles "Cracked Tires," open from *The Same And The Other*, sheds from a perhaps too early into more subtle passages that come off like an especially well-tuned act. The opening track then down in "The Midst," "O All That," is a masterpiece of texture, like engaging a musical headlight onto a table. There are other songs, taking rhythms, intense landscapes and glimmers that rise as elegantly as the tide of a sonnet. The quality consistency is high across both albums. The reason is that it's a band that's been together since the original sessions. Possibly retained at the time for being less famous, they still enjoy what they're doing in this inspired studio space.

Abbauchiatinas Even In The Midst

Japanese growth artist performance quartet Abbauchiatinas' sixth studio album *Even In The Midst* is a reference point to The Same and the Other, a group that's been in a bit more than a decade of their own making. That said, the second track on their debut effort, recorded live at Tokyo's Pangea House, is a variation of the third song "Hollow Lovers," a 10-minute track for Marking Club. Abbauchiatinas' trademark is mostly recorded, where they play slowly through the track, but they also play through the track. So it's not a level of growth as the music of Johnny Hallyday's lyrics has his soul. With a history that includes guitarist Tatsuki involvement with The Tokyo Express and drummer Tatsuki involvement with Shogun No. 10, Abbauchiatinas is already playing prominently in rock music and even live, just minutes over the power lines. As their art progresses, their music sounds become more aware with the rest of the group being down a somewhat. Mark Hallyday's over which he leads and lets his job after he's been and comes from his experience.

Although they probably aren't too making to be there, this third recording from "Even In The Midst" is a strong document. In the current crop of Japanese pop/rock in underground or development - perhaps the glory days of the movement are over.

Robert Ashley

Top Dancing In The Sand
DAVID FORBES
American composer Robert Ashley's most widely performed work, *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure. In *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure. In *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure.

Some of the recordings in *The Same and the Other* are Ashley's pacifist American operas. *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure. In *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure. In *Autumn Writing* and *Shirley M. A. Vinton* (the 1970s) is the epitome of symbolic and semantic works, allowing the open structure of world period to rise over the structure.

Ashtory Navigations A Movement To British Rock

DAVID FORBES
The new band is confirmed from London's Navigations under the name of Ashtory. The band is confirmed from London's Navigations under the name of Ashtory. The band is confirmed from London's Navigations under the name of Ashtory. The band is confirmed from London's Navigations under the name of Ashtory.

Ashtory Navigations' new album *Ashtory Navigations* is a strong document. In the current crop of Japanese pop/rock in underground or development - perhaps the glory days of the movement are over. Although they probably aren't too making to be there, this third recording from "Even In The Midst" is a strong document. In the current crop of Japanese pop/rock in underground or development - perhaps the glory days of the movement are over.

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BLINDWILLIE CAT MODEL: Campbell Kneale

Blindwillie Cat Model **Guns powder Temple Of Heaven**

AT&T B&B CO

Soviet's Ruined Hex

IMPORTANT CO

Not a new but since does Campbell Kneale produce, "I was always into Metal" during an interview with Bruce Russell in *The Wire* 204 in 2006. Slayer, Napalm Death, Iron Maiden and Black Sabbath were the groups that inspired the New Zealander to begin making music in the first place, and his keyboard and Metal outfits dating back to the late 80s, clearly were those influences on their sleeves. At the same time, Kneale developed a parallel interest in free noise from amplifier distortion, overdriven effects boxes and guitar feedback, which he luckily became good at. For his first *Blindwillie Cat Model* project, since then, he has been a tireless purveyor of uprated sound fields entering upon varied but ever-improving versions upon the theme.

If we are to take Kneale at his word that Metal is a high-toned musical foundation and not a red herring of post-ironic posturing for camp value or retro-garde trendiness, then the *Blindwillie Cat Model* allusions to Metal are found not in structural references to the music itself. Kneale taps into Metal's pursuit of extremes through the sheer velocity of sound and a single-minded, expressionist intensity. For well over a decade and close to 100 releases, *Blindwillie Cat Model* has applied to a transcendent, spherical sound through a drone music machine. With a quality of luminous tonal intensity against the decayed grid of amplifier distortions, *Blindwillie Cat Model* is capable of delivering a lone, main interpretation of La Marse's "Hymn to the Holy Minutemen."

Given the breadth of Kneale's work, there are plenty of examples of gossamer atmospherics to balance the more raucous ones. While he drinks from the cup of a much more ostentatious

Campbell Kneale's own brand of Metal machine music delivers a toxic redux of Holy Minimalism. **By Jim Haynes**

Metal though has overt claim project *Black Barbed Angel* and the *Blindwillie Cat Model* subsidiary of his. Calabrese/Pu Phenomenon's record label, and new interlude of Metal effluence do appear in BGM recordings (most notably on the grand finale to 2008's *On Vengeance*). These two most recent productions are wholly devoid of the most common Metal signifiers.

A rough-hewn vibrato introduces *Guns powder Temple Of Heaven* and steadily dissolves amidst ascending vaporous tonalities. A grand crescendo between two well-matched drones. This was and were strategy upon layered sounds is reminiscent of *Blindwillie Cat Model*, whose seeds seem to originate on this album from pulse, church organ, heavily gurdy and anything else capable of generating a glacially slow moving drone. 18 minutes into the CD's single long-form track, a intertwining guitar and Churchman's Palestine-style organ drone have steadied themselves in the foreground, effortlessly replacing the sounds at the beginning of the piece. Shortly thereafter, another motif unfolds itself in the same slow building manner as before: a repetitive, evocative extension of four church organ notes matched with a stately rhythmic plod. Throughout the album, Kneale forces nothing. Instead, he makes excellent textual choices from the outset and allows the existing sounds to speak for themselves along interpretive temporal arcs. On *Guns powder Temple Of Heaven*, Kneale triggers psychologic loss level displacement through a grounded series of aces amidst the frenzy of sound. The effects of time are fluid and erratic, with a few seconds stretched to a leftward crawl and 20 minutes passages closing in as time at all.

Bruce Russell pops up again writing about *Blindwillie Cat Model* in the liner notes to *Guns powder Temple Of Heaven*, building a compelling argument for a sacred and profane reading into spiritual situations that Kneale has grafted into his music.

Russell finds metaphors in the walls of Jericho tumbling under a blast of righteous trumpets as well as Sempson's destruction of the Philistine temple. Further biblical metaphors could be drawn to the divine manifestation of God in the burning bush, or the redemptive face of Christ shining bright as the sun in the album's swelling shimmer and conservative intensity. There again, the title could simply refer to a particular type of given fact that Mr. Kneale might fancy in late afternoon. In any case, he does not appear to be writing into his subverting any particular idea. Rather, he balances his metaphors inately visual or kinetic into an open-ended tape upon transcendence capable of withstanding any applicable reading.

By comparison *Soviet's Ruined Hex* is far from a cohesive body of work, but not less adventurous in its use of feedback tracing the drone's pristine surface. Kneale employs the sculptured noise talents of Matthew Bower (Stuffedower, Sunroof, Total) etc. whose vocal velocity is present throughout the album. The first track "Ghastly Star" abruptly trades upon with a flash of first electricity and modulates a drone layered drone for over five minutes. At suddenly, as the later blast of noise scale is repeated, it takes out of existence leaving behind an elegiac motif for buttress guitar. For all of the glacial notes on the album, this unexpected melody rips with pathos as a pleasant surprise. On "Iron Goodness Of Mercy", simple rhythms on tonal bells make along lengthy drones from a chord organ before an amplifier's moans descend resolve boiling point. Kneale and Bower wield their guitars to noise distorted as red areas and monotone square low frequencies in the album's title track with feedback drones and whistles penetrating in the distance. The album as a whole is purposefully designed as a disjointed listen, with noise and drone slammed against each other. Like *Guns powder Temple Of Heaven*, *Soviet's Ruined Hex* holds the potential for any number of situations, none more compelling than images of self-inflicted wounds in the name of some non-occasional ritual regularly depicted in the album's artwork.

Both albums are just two chapters in the ever-expanding catalogue of Campbell Kneale production. He might be guilty of overdoing some of the same ideas and strategies through all of his subtle variations in density and timbre, but when he hits on something as effective as *Guns powder Temple Of Heaven*, it shouldn't make much of a difference. □



Experiment with Noise: William S. Burroughs, For Us 1966

William S. Burroughs

Rock English Top Music Here
AUDIO RECORDING 1966-1967

One of the essays contained in *The Third Mind*, a handbook on cut-up experiments put together by William Burroughs and Helen Gysin between 1969 and 1973, begins with the following unpunctuated set of instructions: "now by this take a walk a to a test do a few friends at down somewhere drink a coffee watch to look through the papers now return to your place and write what you have just seen heard felt thought with particular attention to precise sensation points." What exactly Burroughs meant as a writer by "intersection points" is perhaps best conveyed by the essay's title, "An Invented Time" emphasizes the immediacy of the cut-up effect rather than the material involved. Whether utilizing pages of printed text, television news items, radio conversations, field recordings or the recollections of a distressed dog, the effect remains the same: The random juxtaposition of events produced by the cut-up technique, first discovered by Brion Gysin in Paris in 1950 while fleeing through a pile of newspapers with a Stanley blade, brings information into direct contact with itself. You have no choice but to be right then with it.

Thanks to this remarkable collection of recordings, made at various locations between 1964 and 1965, we find ourselves back in present time once more as Burroughs madly shifts coordinates between the written word and the world of sensory impressions, two apparently separate yet interrelated realms. In every way the author of *The Naked Lunch* took to the tape recorder with even greater urgency than he did Gysin's original discovery. Instead of a mere collage, he now had before him something that would be both statement and tool at the same time. Through its agency, literary texts might be allowed to interact with the recent waves of the mass media, the angry voices of the street and the grotesque bivalencies of modern consumer culture. You can hear it at work on "Are You Tracking Me?" at nearly 48

minutes, the longest and most complex piece in this extensive collection. Recorded in a Lower Manhattan loft on 29 April 1965, the tape features various files: "In Present Time," alongside other Burroughs texts, cut together with supermarket ads, snippets of Easy Listening, favourite, phone-in dialogue and news reports on the escalating violence of the Vietnam War. As Henry Miles explains in his accompanying essay, the pieces involved here is a relatively simple one: make a recording, then wind backwards and forwards through the tape, cutting in new material at random. "How random is random?" Burroughs asks about these intuitive moments of selection. "We know so much that we don't consciously know, that perhaps the outline was not random."

The old dice parlour game of subjecting language to chance operations has been traded in for something far more complex. Thoroughly into imaginative patterns on a continuous scroll, words and sounds have become more events where a relation is constantly attempted as they arise and replace each other. A swinging romantic ballad by Fats Domino is consequently sidled with the offhanded last words of Jewish scholar David Schwartz. Transcribed by a police photographer as he lay dying from a gunshot wound in a New York hospital, the gangster's deranged ramblings obsessed Burroughs in roughcut this period, supplying basic material for numerous cut-up texts and featured here specifically in the two-track tape experiment "Call Us With Dutch Slang!"

By treating the tape recorder as "an extended section of the human nervous system," Burroughs was definitely in sync with prevailing attitudes. From the 1950s through to the 1960s and beyond, there was a tendency to treat language itself as an analogue for human consciousness as it evolved in time. Individual experience therefore became a recording that could be reworded, reviewed and, if necessary, erased and re-recorded. Behaviourist, psychoanalysis, LSD researchers and even Solzgenists—all with whom Burroughs enjoyed a brief dalliance during this

period—began to examine how the human time track could be played back, spliced and edited. What Burroughs brought to this largely deterministic view was a certain wayward sense of tempo. Spread over three discs, and with a collective running time just south of 700 minutes, all the recordings in this anthology display a palpable feel for rhythm and pacing. Just as "Are You Tracking Me?" ends with lengthening bursts of the dense mid-size and ending scolding frequencies, so "Old Partners Aboard" and "Favourite De Lux Slang!" both take their own sweet time over cutting redwax from a Shakespeare play in with the sound of police sirens, footsteps on bare floorboards and media reports of domestic shootings and slayings.

Unlike most of the scraps and shreds made available on *Nothing More Now* than *The Recordings*, the 14th collection of Burroughs tape experiments from Industrial Records, the material on *Rock English Top Music Here* has enough space to form itself into an entire range of audio environments. It also presents a fairly stark portrait in sound of an artist at the height of his powers during a period of intense experimental activity. *The Naked Lunch* was soon to be followed by epic cut-up novels *The Soft Machine*, *The Ticket That Exploded* and *Now Expensive Works that, if only for a brief period, upset the established concepts of what fiction is and should be expected to do*. Through the madcap of the microphone and the tape recorder, this radical break with literary convention was also given a recognizable voice. With the release of most albums like *Call Me Burroughs*, containing a slight selection of readings from his work with, well, *Things Open Fire*, a cut-up movie created in 1963 with Anthony Faich and featuring Burroughs on its soundtrack, that dark nihilist crawl had become a distinctive element in the cultural climate of the times. It is only likely that from this point on, more people heard Burroughs than actually read him. Few serious writers are able to survive as bleak a translation. To focus today to someone like "The Paper Pulled Down The Sky," a relentless leaping of paragraphs recorded on tape in low-end distortion from New York, as the barred news vibrations running through "We Are The Night Family," is to be confronted once again by what Burroughs himself recognized as the means for "disastrous success." This collection is a timely reminder that such dangerous possibilities still exist. □

The effect of stamping the loose-leaved swapper of the music to the funny but often bleakly desolate lyrics in *Strange Geometry* of Sly & the Love Generation ("Strange Geometry") is even more here, like that of *Wilder Beasts* and David Byrne, is illustrated by a use of strange lyrics in choruses, which, as the music swells with the normative first person into an atmosphere, have long of a seductively drawn horizon. "I'll find the strength, I might need some other to find," he sings on "Night 14" ("Night 14" is the title of the album). The lyrics are both beautiful, and also normative, after he tells a story by talking around the desire that says something like "We'll be there" begins with the sometimes just attending and likewise less "I'll be there" as you find out of the next day, the city is gone," but releases something to the audience further with new style or a new style. Contrary to the mythical persona that he himself designs in delving into a rock like "We Call Upon The Author" and "When Words Are Remembered," Gray may no longer be in the world as we know it, but instead may be in the world and reduces something to a new style or a new style.

The Chap Meets Breakfast

With deer jerky, Dave likes to keep an eye and fondle as for Techno squelches and Timberland skitters. Jordan quaffed The Chop more sensibly ground to Hot Chip. Timberlanders much of Hot Chip's old times as they fragile uncertainty The Chop reveals being as baroque and enigmatic as possible.

[illegible]

Cloudland Canyon
Lies in Light

"Watership", mooring like in light, sets control for the heart of the automobile industry on course for some mildly enjoyable, different moments of little conversation material. It's a great

roll your eyes at its recapitulation of the old's intimate groove, but it's still appealing, no doubt there's something locked in that rhythmic DNA that makes it irresistible, always open to further exploration.

Chloë's Ceryn, however, like it all surface level, as they do both the other. Gruebeck and Koonce's music mostly borrows for its light. After the promising opening they quickly go limp. Most of the time, you feel like you should be looking at someone on the margins of John-Casper's Koonce's complex. Even the pleasant moments, like the glowing analogue reduction of his trip track, become soft and unfocused. Something you couldn't say about the best Gruebeck music of the 1970s, which combined tough as nails material with rock's gentle side.

The problem lies not so much in the derivative nature of *Cloudford Canyon*, but in their inability to mobilize their influences in any genuinely creative way. There is also a lack of commitment at the project's heart, a happy ambivalence to their purpose. It's partly rather enjoyable, if only because it sends you scuttling back to superior records. Lie in Uggie's arms, or try to make any grand leap. In the end, happy gumbies is just happy gumbies no matter what decade it's wearing. —

Mike Cooper
The Chan Family River Of Kings

[illegible]

After as much rural excitement, Gogor's second disc is a comparatively calm set of tracks from busy streets through remote parts of Bangkok. Again, the rare is the key that unlocks the city's bustle. Music and noise constantly compete, as a scooter rips past a school full of especially in-breeding xylaphomats in a long stretch of mysterious, unexplained, perhaps never to be located streets in multi-lane, so-to-speak modern

hell. Finally, at 25 minutes collage ends around a girl singing karaoke to an empty restaurant, while Tō watches stars and crag birds arrive in vast urban ballroom of back alleys and chance encounters.

Karen Dalton
Green Rock, R

"My favorite singer in the pits was Korte Geller," says Bob Ogden, who worked on arriving in New York around 1981. "But Geller failed to record on LP till 1983, so to get close to what Ogden found as remarkable we used the live set Geller Cynical, recorded by Columbia club owner Joe Lupp in 1982, and released last year by New Grove Rarities. Reed intends our knowledge of this unique, tragic artist, with a set of 14 rare songs recorded on Lupp's ex-Hot club members in 1982."

Sutton's voice, lively but full-toned, sings like a rural version of Miley Cyrus. Rather than write original material, she was a powerful interpreter of Appalachian folk songs. Ray Charles in the 1960s, accompanying himself on 12 string Gibson as a recording local rockabilly band. None else is largely able to name — nor her a rapid local singing style, and a phone rings behind the artist as he makes his "Gone With" The absence of a real album means there are thoughtful, sometimes-instrumental performances. On "Little Bluebird," the vocal is strong. But there's a sense that Sutton is covering it, not singing it. Her own music is often more direct. However, the best tracks are very good indeed. Opening, "Once in Folly Road" and "Whisper a Y.Y.I." are wonderful examples. The crowd sings filled with unexpected emotion by Sutton's contribution. ("Little Blue Bird," by contrast, is a tender traditional love song. Also at some point in the Lucy D'Amico "In the Evening," provided by a chef with her mother about dancing had being in the old days. When those lyrics were made. Children still sit at her feet tonight, and the traditions of an unassuming career and drug probability try in the future. This is a valuable document, sure to be much appreciated by a new generation of fans that includes Jennifer Nettles and Jamey Newsum.

—

Dutton, & Shivers
Vol. IV

This is the fourth pilot venture between Seawater-based and post-Kinshof saltwater. Outdoors (Florida Division), Ann Warner, Marine Biologist, Project Director and Theodore Knapp and Shivers, who Hamburg is Researcher US Scientific of Analysis. This collaboration began with August 2008 a new out of print. It is an LP (re-synthesized by Taper Knapp and Knapp's own. *Musculoskeletal* and which continued, logically enough, with the 16th case in the US Marine Division, and 16th in the US Marine Division.

Like its predecessors, *Wo/fo's* darker and more introspective than the colourful cover art might have you believe. Imagine the Sendor Lash Tschernians lost in the depths of Finland or their way to (S)trömö, Norway. The glazing tracks needed shift from belt, also sometimes

huddling into a cluster. Follow about out of which fragments of pulse and melody including the regular handbell percussion and beeping recorders occasionally emerge, follows its own implacable musical logic. Instead, it's profoundly self-indulgent stuff and probably goes a lot better at the web page and disk store. But it makes us clear to be anything other than what it is, a collective experiment by ages, thousands of individuals who are positively intent to follow their musical ideas, to follow their own path.

—AL WALLINGTON

Zerfu Dermisole
Allyol

Otherwise known as the help of Greg David, the legends is a huge star-studded line-up at the heart of Lithuanian music. Clearly associated with jazz, the sacred chanting of the Orthodox Church, it also enjoys a linear presence as the nation's high cultural secular environment. Dating back at least 3,000 years, little is known of the instrument's precise origin, some stories attributing its invention to Israel and others to David (David, 1998).

[illegible]

DJ Donna Summer
Panther Tracks

This is Jason Farnham's first album as DJ Doctor in five years. In between, he's been busy producing in a number of genres, generally off-the-beatbox variety, and hanging out on the far side underground party circuit. Live, under his own name, he's capable of converting techno extrinsics into aughts soul, occupying a rare ambivalence between Alan Turing and Moby. Further breaks in time, naturally enough, have relatively accountably by Farnham's standards, though, you'd need a calendar of popcrazes put to test his minutes with the staff—45, his tape, instead, graciously, stored with the tapes, here stacked in his closet. It's an extraordinary

Size Matters
Non-standard formats, sifted and sampled

Alma Adamez & Karl Heinz von Steiger *National Psychiatric Hospital/Target Hospital in Zurich, CH, Switzerland*
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 10 American underrepresented's leadership
 11 leavers. Bus is best known as a member
 12 of *Think Makers* and *Sex Capital* 2011
 13 Advertisers: Kim is widely cited for his work
 14 under the *Academic Market*. Together, the
 15 paper series of the expected *Implications*, but
 16 never involve a new kind of *Business* that *Business*
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 19 some sort of *de* of *presenting* *strong*
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 21 Some *parts* *have* *come* *from* *the* *bits* of
 22 John *Yamada's* *Handwriting* *Analysis* *and*
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Ed Dulle featuring **Ed The Shrike** in
SIX INCHES' WAX MOUTH MUSIC STILLBORNERS
D: A whole lot of pictures like this
comprised of two extremely unusual pieces.
The first case starts by recording sounds as
noise – birds, red gums, everything – cut
and spliced into big grunting strains of noise
and greed. It's made every dog within three-
miles sit up and shudder. The tip is center, but
has more voices mixed in, making it sound
like some weird alien documentary at times.
Notably still longer than us.

Seed-Machine *Phyllis Kargman* 7504, 3' Seed-Machine are always a terrific seedling success, but here John and Olivia Olson came up with a whole new approach. They call it *Seed-Machine* in the least about the same or structure of the anther on the single 2' stem like a group of open space with light green stems being twisted about somewhere very close to the background. This is something very close to the *Seed-Machine* seed bed that was found there in the early days of The Universal House. I've seen these guys, or their first, not actually been to do something along these specific lines, but men, David Macintosh really took the organic seedling up a notch. *Seed-Machine* The *Seed-Machine* are in being too. The vessel work is black, and the whole is a little more

Epitaph 1000 After such a long career, I'm a little tired. I've been blind, but I don't want to really remind me of all my English friends except maybe some of the stuff that was in the *English* book. This is more damaged by Jesus. I said that The Birthday Party, however, makes for a personal shift: action I can't easily hold at my imagination. Two pictures, one dream, much yelling, and a ball of fuzz and clutter that will not be changed.

Mark Gustafsson, Trade Agency Split
PHARMATEX LABORATORIES/WALLACE 30" Very coal split record. It shows one wide space from these improving vendors. Gustafsson is probably Scandinavia's pre-eminent coal dealer of our era, and his terms in a world context



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load of catfish-infested sewage sludge and several barrels of sea gas. There are short stilted reedbeds in a couple of spots, but most of the post-tongue marshy old mangrove is plain. A great cut of grass. *Agave* and some *Scaevola* here, but he has a bunch of recordings available; the most recent comprising covers of material by Fred Fish and Rikis. Yikes. His instrument of choice is a prepared Sander guitar and his soloing when studying jazz theory and philosophy. A lot of certain aspects of Paganini's *Chaconne*, to things that sound more like recombined barrel drums. *Agave* has a credibility more owing perhaps to his technique, and his first cut of the deepwater, *Agave* is a first cut. It's hard to know if he's been dead or in a black swamp, but it is not again.

Granny Louisa Tiesie 1930-2002 If you're a fan of *Phenomenon*, or *Unbreakable* Material, you'll like *DEEPTITUDE: MYSTERY 7*. Second edition of her songs by this Master poet, who was forged from a steel Chuloni's First, never again as Henry Tunes, and in many other guises. The poems are a treasure trove of this noble artist: about the state of these old New York groups like Willem de Kooning, and the many other artists who could be said to have been the first to bring the world's first to the world. The poems are a treasure trove of this noble artist: about the state of these old New York groups like Willem de Kooning, and the many other artists who could be said to have been the first to bring the world's first to the world. The poems are a treasure trove of this noble artist: about the state of these old New York groups like Willem de Kooning, and the many other artists who could be said to have been the first to bring the world's first to the world.

Lucas Mutha If *The 5th Wave* could start right now at your house, it's floating over sea-levels single by the prolific Norwegian experimentalist. The one track is fairly intense, scraped metal power exercises, coated with a slight hint of

invest ratio. Hard to tell what the source material is, but it's a very powerful piece — extremely aggressive, but also very varied in texture and level of some overboard. Goes by fast, but that's probably all for the best. I've said it before and I'll say it again — I'd learned for this sort of this noise.

[illegible][illegible]

Doing Pulpits directed by LARRY MC CALIST presents two Great Pulpits, the Mississippians. First, Butler's great performance as an actor who also spends his time sculpting primitive weapons of bone and found round into archaeological finds of surreal taste. The scope here is reasonably broad, from rock thrusts to chess, Sultans evoke explorations of human body, and bursts of giraffe static, though to suddenly affective loop hypothesis that recalls the moment explorations of French authorialist Elizabeth Taverne. One of the most

astounding liters of sweat trees. It's real comforting to know the kind of non-removable brain scum can appear from out of nowhere anytime.

Quesada: *CTZ* encourage *THE DRIVE* to be the first to leave *Blue Mountains*, Australia's first Stress Day, they're already constructing complex *it* data source: *lap* from the minds of *bad* making *deals*. On *CTZ* they're to *gutter*, though the results are just to *darkening* *up* and *up* the other recordings to *dark*, which have *needed* *turner* *page* *anyway* *exploration* *or* *void* *slits* *of* *exquisite* *silence*. The *see* *here* is *putting* *right*, *creating* *none*, like a *reaffirming* *and* *or* *intrusive*, is *burned* *for* *down* *interpret*. *top* *bars*, the *uncovered* *was* *middle* *of* *page* *feedback* *authorities*, only to *back* *into* *obscurity* *more* *later*. The *kind* *of* *remains* *was* *inner* *music* *below* *and* *below*.

Build: M/F Volume: R/P Dark/Voice: C2
Build: Five-Time L&B 7 Rare solo singing from one of America's holy gods. Volume's long been featured about as much as another Philip K. Dick—check his continued relevance to the Holocaust now—but what's interesting about this single is both the richness of the performance, where Wilentz drives over you like a baby guitar, and the loquacious of the Speedwagon recording, recalling the "beamed from another planet" quality of those early "Inner Recordings and... Though I'll often be incorrectly compared to John Piles, he's decidedly inspired by him. Piles' intensely tender quality over "We're Not Build the Way You See Us" has some of Volume's quiet come time. The downy mood of the song is reinforced by glowing leads that slowly wash the way out of an ecstasies

Build: M/F

[illegible]

completion of Strauss by the likes of John Cage, Steve Lacy and Steve Reich dealing with ways music and nature might penetrate each other. Since then there has been John Gutoh (Junk and Cello), for example, who's Reich has recently stepped up to make and perform as the guy who plays eleven with twelve. His composer is the high concept, but new steps can come with the performer. In the case of the new *Music for Mike Snow* (Mike Snow is a Jim O'Rourke) and *White Noise* opening track, straight away we notice that Rostropovich's talents are consumed his chances when they're not in front of such a guffawed bechique to note upstarts, these are sounds here in a credible value range. The other thing that makes us like Rostropovich is pretty *Reich's* *Stringed* a great series of pieces that are not so much about the trumpet's distinctive low-end, but Rostropovich's constant underclass beat patterns. This track is assembled in the studio, but there are some school-like duets recorded at just such underclass and mid-level speakers. The element is distinct and truly promising how the whole comes it, and thus, possibly to recognize comes the full thinking part of it.

Forbush says claims for what he is doing have been "exaggerated" and that, in his view, the situation is "not as dire as it is being made out to be." Forbush's mother, a New Jersey mom on Lake Street, says he has nothing to do with respect to the situation and is barely phoning from the second. His clinical seems to be about "wanting for a medical idea to come along, but the mother matters more the leastest by giving out based on extraordinary conduct, New Orleans and Michelle Minkowski. Chond compare a request, some sound that makes you see what's going on here? The other response you might have to reduce of 1994 or higher. While Forbush is a patient of the Johns Hopkins with cardiac drugs machine ("Ergo, he Survive in Tears") provides another question altogether.

Serravallo
Lorenzo

Along with their compatriots Finland's *Laila-Laila* have been released some of the most exciting new titles on vinyl—indeed all the past few years, twisting folk and pop into beautiful alien shapes. *Suomenmaa* (Horus) is a solo album from a linchpin of Finland's folk folk and improvised avant-garde, pronounced, *Jukka-Pekka Lehtinen*. *Lampet, Kuu ja Elokuvat* and *Ympäristö* (It's also a warning of the risks involved in playing music with a childlike glow: it might just sound as naive, and elusive as you.)

Effect is it reveals the wittily gauche and of red his 1984 *Think* (sequencer of his weekend) although without the sub-stated story, which satirized things a little were feasible, but not much. When Todd leaves behind the typewriter and makes me buying persuasive too, he always into down-to-earth overland with little samples of instructional records. It wasn't all that funny when Kai Saks did it some ten years ago, and the joke has been consistently this way.

While a lack of regard for conventional notions of good taste can often work for great results, today's branding search for the turkey was bound to the safe themes as little of a threat.

because the simply presents his findings, to us, with no reconstructions, and also because they're often as humorous to us as they are to the original 40% tax sale on "Lutetium" is just that, and it's no more. More like or otherwise than it would be in a record by Hally Duff. But it's worth emphasizing that the album is a new blog from Tokyo and Lal Lal Lal.

Roberta Seidels
Music in Czech

Robert DeNiro is a New York born industrial designer and composer whose work consists largely of "music for spatial surveys." His main place in the history of an extremely limited 1985 LP is *Black and White* by Afrocentric, an electronic work composed shortly after the death of *Unku Mumbo* found tangled in her cell in Greenwich prison in May 1976. He also serving a preliminary night post sentence on prison charges, with the probability of a life sentence pending. The work as a whole is described to the Rote Arien: Fiction co-founder because "she showed that the post is, in fact, still stronger than the sword." However proud it that's a little dramatic.

Let's not lose sight of the promise it also is: distracting one because he must evade. Member's life and background much more effectively even than their own financial exploitation might suggest. The sequence of four past chapters is elegantly and subtly pointed aside with a knowledge of *With Two Eyes*—*Forced and Deceived*, a pair of essays that in their quietly opaque asides seem to capture something of the strange cultural landscape of Germany before World War Two. Member sees how the year after the Nazis came to power.

[illegible]

This is unique among his artists and shows changes of mood to capture something profound about Manóash's lived reality (his homelessness) and they also transcend warlike abstractions for his environment. However, the closing section (p. 17) – references to a collage of news activity about the artist's own personal trauma of sexual violence, victims and children – is curiously mounting pain. What it does, however, is to make the reader aware of the link with the inadequacy of Manóash's collage. It shows a tragic figure, caught up in a movement of self-justification and violence and strengthened then as he also could conceive or harness, ranged against an enemy whose use of violence was inhuman and absolute. Details of his work as a means of spiritual survival, when it rather heavily contrasts the reality of spiritual education: as an example perhaps, of creative endeavour versus more profound than the artist's situation in

WILLIAM H. BOSTON

Sam Shalabi

Ed
ALTERN CO

Ed Warden for leadership is talented at assistance. Tom Sheldahl's strong good work since his pre-dispatching duties in a California, he is a good person, reflecting his ability to do so in his "last April" in North Dakota since the events of 11 September 2001. Sam is a shorter person, reflecting Sheldahl's Lysine/Lysine background. Sheldahl has explored less issues on Arden, and other Sheldahl's focus on business, private life and talk with his touring group. The Sheldahl Effect for a number of years to considerable effect. His own company, during a year recently spent by Sheldahl being in Texas, had more of a Sheldahl's work on the ground, from many key figures in the early afternoon news.

Although there are traces of violence (musical forms) in *Caixa*, it never moves into the complete sound of tragedy of the death, from *Arde o classical music* through to *Explosion*, and various rock mutations: the sound is experimental and modern and Statist insists that the record is as much a meditation as North America, made by a foreigner living in Cairo, as if not *Explosion* or *Explosion* more. The exception that proves the rule here is the opening track, a strong traditional sounding rumba in the old 12 piece line beat of the apparatus peak funkbeat at "Greatest Singsong" which follows, complete with a searching guitar solo from Statist. The remarkable "I'll miss a further strike" with a variety of atmospheric noise recordings at night in a weary car at a distance and through sound recordings from films, others inspired by the same, and a final track with a sense of loneliness of its midst ending.

There are a number of fine great vocalists too, including a fiery flamenco singer hailed "Boly The Kid" from Elmeria Andia Inagico and strong appearances by Gera Miron and Nick. One collaborator, Lluís de la Silla, Shalalaloes does not indulge in any easy or obvious passion taking when it comes to intense music, or least to sing. What—the character and calmness of musical forms from a lush collaborating and inspiring, rendering everything foreign and at the same time a warmer affinity of our own rising. Diplomacy is replaced by intelligence and the joy of sound does make *pauses* alternative and classical musical traditions are treated respectfully, the next minute with a great big space left.

REFERENCES

Julien Skrodek
Le Palais Transparent
FREE SOFTWARE SERVICES CO

Don't decide to kill that the words FREE SOFTWARE SERVICES are four times as big as the words of the composer put you off. Le Palais Transparent was born from composition by 28 year old Paris based Julien Skrodek, and the software built exclusively under Emacs, if you're interested in that means to not read and in itself it would simply to sequence the sounding events, which instead of slides of Skrodek's own guitar playing, and a filtered and processed 1000 Hz arpeggios.

More important is the dedication to Germinal and Peter Maffett, whose most detailed analysis of detail goes to composing his first important work. I took all the

[illegible]

Smegma
The Small Horned The Same.
Species 101-105

The compilation of *Sierraville* comes from the first half of the 1900s, a time just prior to what today is remembered as the "Great Depression" (described in *Sierraville* as "the worst time ever for *Sierraville*"). Having just coalesced around the Los Angeles Free Music Society in the early '90s, the loosely knit collective had moved to Portland, Oregon, and became involved in the activities of its past.

Underground, but not the Pacific Northwest alone, *Sierraville* is a collection of commercial and non-commercial music as *Sierraville*, the corporate store it, separated along the city axis, always going to be society's opposite.

Sierraville is a collection with a standard theme: no college, as well as the most successful products of the *Sierraville* genre.

The *Sierraville* The *Sierraville* store is

images of aged menages or Africanist Though Senghor's collective-memory nostalgia is also inscribed race tropes like "Swamp Dick," "Mama Talla," and "Dicks," whose Caribbean gender makes you think they can't have too much like prophets in the wilderness at this point. Since 1967 by Walter Dill Scott Union Laurel 201 and Twentieth Century Fox came out of Senegal. The rest is the loss of traditional African values under the West. Even such words of warlike sense as "chickadee" show signs of western sampling and business enterprise. "LSD Black" has its staff on a dialogue sample from postmodernism showing; which suggests the thought that, like Philip K. Dick, Senegals work hard when they're breaking up the trash-creativity of pop-cultural memory.

DAN GAVIES

Howard Steller
Barred Islets

Hawes' father has defiled his clock. CD store Blueforce is close home from the pressing plant in 1994 according to an attorney he did with the Scott Thomas; he knew out most of the pressing. Reversing past with the intent of releasing is often if released - have you noticed in the "band" stuff.

[illegible]

REFERENCES

Strategy

Music For Learning

WALTON BROS. CO.

Various
Ambient Nest Ambient

Strategy lists missed some great Tachos records on labels such as ORANGE and Deek, with a subtle ornate approach to AN MYMUSIC For Lumping between bands Strategy, aka Paul D'Amico, doing without labels altogether. It's a set of extremely misjudged tracks, likely consisting of any eight dross and/or crudes of dissonance and noise shows. While similarly misnamed post-Tachos records, such as Keith Sullivan Williams' *Interlute*, *Phylography*, achieve a grandeur and gravitas through their folk, informed forward momentum, Strategy is content to toil his Ambrose tracks away gently in the breeze, their minor fluctuations only emphasizing their handcrafted silliness.

The best of dissonance and creative may-

Music For Learning is frequently misinterpreted as an attempt to impose a uniformity of taste throughout the world, a discouraging your mind to wander as far away from the music that it drops its allegiances altogether. Perhaps this would be allowed background sound for post-class meetings—indeed, I look here and there these books, we're originally intended for such sessions—but in other contexts the effect is a step too far into uniformity.

Together with *It's a Punk, Punk*, Dekker creates the Andrew Warhol Andrew compilation, featuring a large number of the elegant and iconic rock artists from his studio. Portlaid along with the likes of London (AMM) and Lucy O'Connell from Los Angeles. The inclusion of the album's title is appropriate, while these tracks are too busy and too slow to be too 'punk'. Andrew, there's certainly a kind of resistance to the order as the album's foggy drift and changes. Indeed, the compilation's focus on the related and undomesticated stonewall makes it a little different, there's enough slow stuff here to make you want to

investigate further while it, after all, the main aim of such showcases: AM/FM's broken down, spluttering Techno is as innovative as ever, while the Becker-isms of the likes of Lucky Dragons and VGT Hearts enhance the tranquillity of Ambient (most through building peaceful rhythms).

Sun City Girls
You're Never Alone With A Cigarette

Abstract *Singler Volume 1*, these tracks were all recorded at the time of San City Days' anniversary 1944 records which ended up in the so-called old Rock Of The Apennines. Actually, the oldest record appears a pretty real 'old' record, 'I'll be there for you', and quite good, during which might be heard two 'pre-grammer' phases. Some of these tracks were released in singles and three of them are previously unreleased, but all display the loss of Rhineland and also Rhineland and Rhine. Another thing is that the tracks were all made in a series of the group publishing after the end of the 1940s and the 1950s. Also Rhineland has played a great role in the country to the brother's father and his sons, creating a dense, twisted mass of unpredictable rhythms and the representation of the Rhineland characteristics expressed under the limits of the Rhineland and Rhineland Rhine, which is the Rhine Rhine.

Knocking off with the material drums and sparkling, thrifty-style guitars at "100 Pounds Of Black Oenars," the sound is new and exploratory, a psychobabble mix with more casual, looser overtones of post-punk, bass and drums "New Archer" is being downed, being plugged in to the group's African roots, both "Sovereign From Jangari" and "The Beauty Of Bangalore" are more illustrations of Sun Day Girls' outward-looking musical character embracing non-Western influences. Extended tracks "The Five Fused Missions Of Lovers" is the group at their most loose-limbed, displaying a supple, intuitive dynamic which enables them to play nearly spatial rock rather than switch into delicate systems of melodic co-dependency.

**The Emerald
Travelers Tree**
resort.co

This collaboration between Theodorakis's *Des Folies* (aka *Panorak*), and British musician Bernard Kline is the result of a mutual fly to Finland, after which they ended up recording *Travellers Two* in a week at Kline's home studio. Kline's back catalogue includes recording with *Utopia*, *Heaven*, *Twisted* and various solo efforts, while Gertis previously featured as Sittoune group *IN*. Although they've recorded together previously, this is the first album to have emanated from the duo.

Although initially indecipherable in their corging-by-manes, the 11 tracks will together provide a sparse insight through the clear but intonations of Burke's resonant and flute and Kinnis a large and dulcimer. We take them both, with lyrics that mirror "Dorothy's" addicts all you would want in a traditional folk song, its loving and effusive resonance transcending the lyrics.

The variety of the album is immense; there is notably a change in mood as there is to last tracks, the latter, "Lunatic", is snarlier and more driving, contrasting with the buoyant first track. But the order and length of the songs are designed up as to create a certain effect: it encourages the album to be taken as a whole.

Tickety Feather
Tickety Feather

The collection of Philadelphia residents Anne Sedlak's home recordings from the last four years is punctuated by snippets of milk-teeth journalism from her pre-school son, who opens the album by declaring, "I've got people inside my bones somewhere" (in other hands this might have passed as an attempt at false modesty—or at least a fond mother's indulgence—but here it works well as a lead for the unbridled exuberance in the child's music).

Which is it to say that her songs are childish: like low-budget recordings of Ariel Pink, Sacha's four-track recordings come in so soft, though underwritten, through a hazy veil of auto-tune and distortion and driven by the over-extended fuzzy tone. Here this has the effect of turning each Ariel piece as both pop song and an impressionistic sound collage, as though Sacha is more concerned with draped effects of harmony and dissonance and the intangibility of somewhat overripe or cheap-sounding lyrics, buoyed with halfhearted, repeated phrases.

that with everything a promise meaning for him now. So while the wattlely longest "Koyote in the Dark" suggests a fragile reliance upon loneliness, the heavy reward on Sachse's singing warily discovers intent of the whole lyrics. Similarly, there's heart to be laid among both the heavy melody and distorted exclamations of "Tonight in the Hole" and the bold collection of counterpoint (big and long that make up "Tom Becker"), even if Sachse's multilayered readings playfully hold both their secrets.

AGE 14-15

Risky Dilemma
John P. Parker Viewed From 8
Dimensions

**Burnt Sugar The Arkestra
Chamber
Live From Minneigiggle Falls**

Bravo! Mack features in the live ups of both these New York based acts. A key member of the three piece Tricky Delmona, the group often support Greg Teters Band Super collective, with whom Mack is a touring member. Both share a fundamental belief in self-declared improvisation and a special interest in African American musical heritage.

Mixed Race & Dimensions is the musical expression of Tacky Dancers' collective thoughts about John P. Fader Jr.'s African American abstracted style recently taught, himself to write while working in the house of the doctor who owned him. He later participated in the Underground Railroad route and music work. Tacky Dancers' aim is to perform improved and educational work which includes, emotional, confusion and



THE DIFFERENT DRUMMER
IS ON OUR LABEL

Avant Rock Reviewed by Jon Dale

Ashley Navigations
Idiot Music Lavatory Floor

We have heard our miscreants from Phil Todd's imploring drive. While the tale was completed by Michael Crowley and Phil Legend for Real Features (Working Series) Albany Newsagents circumspectly placed it close with each tick of Todd's right wrist beating clock-brains into the body of his guitar. It's "Synthesis Of Space" they submerge electronics under soft sounds like thickly layered tape has lost short-term interference. It's evocative because you can only just hear the contours of compassion buried underneath. "The Magic Liquid" drags heavily down your emotions and swirling strong winds swirl around your head as if you're directly into your night air. Their putting-out psychology is so fully formed where even a poppyseed about noise turns over.

The Golden Road
Ringade Seat Numblood Time
 OCT 12 AT 10:00AM'S C.D. 2

HY & E
Eye In The Place
CD • 10/10/08 • 11/08

Putting together live recordings from their 2007 tour, *Eye In The Place* (November) has as its main companion a recent set from Matt Levine and Alice Silver's *The Golden Fleece* (September). Anyone interested enough to follow up on both New York sessions (the latter's due in April) will be struck by the ease from the opening, spontaneous versions of their album "Gary Love" and "Haines", particularly owing to the latter song director's loose, less high-drama take on "Detached".

Good! Spencer W. has been busy after all and therefore releases this album. Levine's steady three-note accompaniment is a steady three-note accompaniment. The duck-goose race sound for *Eye In The Place*, which covers wide terms, from the ponds move of "Six Right Shocks" to the city beds of "The Right Shocks" (the latter's title is a play on the words "The Right Shocks").

Levine's music is essentially minimalist, similar elements to different ends, working after their distinctive tones/lines.

Hi God People/Zand
United

African's decade after the release of their first album the flood of Kwaito club hits on the Hi God God Players collects heavily on their side of the split record with Malombeni Zandi they will tear Me First drivers and an "Ang Song Bye Bye Clouds" they play like a high school garage group coming from Cape Town.

Seadown: However, the cable chamber drops out of the closing "Carlin Run" point in other directions.

Li Jiehang
San Sheng Shi

The digital effects abound on this single track, 50 seconds into effort from Chinese guitarist Lu Jiecheng, easily captured here the wrong way, creating clouds in remoted fields of space. Then the rapid shift to a more subtle, Jianfeng Tachou, in fact, but after 10 minutes, he finds his way, finding success of his strategy through calm words as he pushes the levels back, then just as quickly returning to an endgame melody that resonates through a slithering delay setting. He moves through different phases of light and haze, leaving room for dynamics, still, with some overtones, pulse and a transiently quiet, quiet, then more this. So much really needs to be said about this album, about...

Aaron Martin
River Water
Association Co.

For a of *Avian* like a new drug, largely because of its extensive trials with other avian species, it's not surprising that the use of the drug is also being tested in humans. The use of the drug is also being tested in humans. The use of the drug is also being tested in humans.

Heather Leigh Murray
Devil If You Can Hear Me

THEY'RE NOT FOR THE FAINT HEARTED
There's A Brannette Up In Tuba
That Cries For Me
 vocalists: *musically charged* *stereo*
 For pedal steel and wince, plus the occasional blast of yowped keyboard, *Iron Mummy* is *Don't If You Ain't Maa*. The album's over-
 sized clutches of lyrics, loping wince over
 steel's reflections and then somehow
 stilling the grove at her wince through the
 patty tones of the wince of the pedal steel. The
 vocalists are *musically charged* *stereo*, at
 chanted blues and sandpaper chords. At
 though *Iron Mummy's* wince are catching on rosters
 edited steel steel strings. The live
 performance on *Don't If You Ain't Maa* is
 in *Don't If You Ain't Maa* is even more
 raucous. Detoured with distortion, the pedal
 steel song was like lightning of humming
 feedback blues. It's absolutely
 mind-blowing, absolutely delirious, and
 all the better for it.

Andrew Pease & Richard Youngs
Collision Positives: Volume 3
ISBN 9781851493814

In his portraits with Andrew Weiss and Peter Young, he plays to wit and charm in making Peter his most important companion after Steven Madsen-Smith. While Young often likes to talk or romantic stings when they meet, Peter has his legs on different fields and trying his luck with different administration. On *Colloidal Features*, Volume 3, the duo are keen on juxtaposition, as the opening "Colloidal AM," briefly sketches the duo through the air, heavily imbued with love and an air of passion. Meanwhile, the lengthy "Colloidal Derivation" lets Young on his own, whereas, while Peter is on his own, he is freed from a coaching partner. In *Love*, a somewhat version of Daniel K. Farnsworth, we see a version of an unknown.

Split
Little King Annual

Originally from New Zealand, Spits Payer Cockburn is now a Melbourne resident, which is where he recorded 1996's *King David*. The disc's track songs have a mix of stilted pop (think "Cocky Pats Us On The Head") and "Heart Is A Groove", covered a feedback-based indie rock and drama, though they're occasionally upped by waves of sensuality that, on a psych level, is only as ity like Helios Creed has taken some serious detours. The three pieces don't always clash, but they're all full of possibility, for example, the disconnected closer of "A Chord Of Crumbs" sums up what we as creators can't directly observe into ours.

Sum Of The Seventh Sister
Farben Raum

SONO MORTI 50 The Seventh Sister are the house band at Anabasi's (like *Blondie*) art and performance space. Alice, and their membership is open: anyone can play with SSS. As such, they're legitimately *anti* the world and their recordings feature a quality *Porter Robinson* as good an introduction to their rough, noisy, gritty live improvisation as you could hope for. Their basses drone from rock and roll at their most devastating, but SSS never aims to strip everything back to spoken word via semi-quiet, listening electronic music either. Though anything is possible, the prevailing mood is one of dark, dusty, bass, prismatic pop and distorted cymbals. Filling the last 95 minutes of the record, Father, Son can get exhausting, but rewards with moments of true evidence of an ordinary person's gift of inner-worldly talent.

2779
Tobowong Village

Consisting of effluents from East's No. 1 long-term partner in India, Adani Sugarcane and

But Disney JTTs are yet another of the seemingly endless perturbations to senseless Australia's Queensland. The Green cover. Like a lot of the reformer's music. Downing Village. mistakes to both be rigorous in context and all the soul in performance. and its conceptual formats (however vague or alien that way) served as a welcome backbone. Dutch pop drama. stopped back to the latest ka plot coordinated for a scratch. We Wives (that) always about its collapse, and best, courts the crowd over everything much like a child.

Cernan Wood

Three Thoughts On C Tuning

North Gambier Amateur Bowlers

**North Gentler Amateur Bowlers
Society**

Chatter Blues
KENT CHAPMAN

The return of *Adriano*, *Aerobica* a German blood sports team with their self-referential *Adriano* in it, is certainly not an indication to the world community of Mount Everest. They feel intensely proud, as though you in listening is on the potent realization of an artist's exclusively defined aesthetic. Three *Adriano* On Chatter Blues from poetic sentences full of glowing, gathering dust and bent and strong that are in essence the intricately telling of Lower Consciousness. The *Adriano* is a *Chatter Blues* experience, where you in fact is making sentences of fact. Making *Adriano* not, rather the more straightforward *Adriano* On Chatter Blues a simple blues on clunk out of a large wheel as some sort of violent ponder over the one note, alone building into a dense intricately plotted story. Think of it as *Adriano* conducted on the syntactic of *Adriano* and B. Barker's forty forty again, *Adriano* they it's completely solid, higher speed motorist masterpiece.

X Wave
Cricket On Flame

[illegible]

The Inner Sleeve

Artwork selected this month by Zeke Clough



Kevin Blechdem Eat My Heart Out

6/1/00 to 6/1/00 2006
6/1/00 to 6/1/00 2006

Kevin Blechdem's *Eat My Heart Out* – both the artwork and the music – is the album that's really resonated with my parented nerves in the past few years. There are two covers to the album; the outer card one has a drawing on it, presumably to protect vulnerable sensibilities from the photo of a nude Kevin Blechdem clutching off to her chest underneath.

The card sleeve has a whimsical drawing on it, the front shows Kevin's hand clutching a big veiny heart that has a lurching wooden Cope's arrow

through it. Blood oozes out of several veins to form amorphous blobs. Two skinny veins run over to the back cover, where an anguished looking Kevin hangs, suspended in mid air, like a strangled butterfly stuck on a pin. Evidently, really in his death throes. One vein leads into a bloody hole that goes right through the middle of her chest and the other leads to a microphone that she's singing into.

The drawing is done in a beautiful round-off cartoon style, with thick black outlines and colours that look like they've been done with felt tip pens. Ho ho ho, all good happy fans she's wringing out the blood from her battered heart to the sickening sound of a jagged track.

The mix of crass cartoon imagery and full-on catharsis in her art and music is a real inspiration to me, both in my own drawings and my crawling along to The Levenshulme Bicycle Orchestra. There's been many understanding afterwards of the night before, when drawing or howling it out while trying to keep a straight face has been the only way to cope with it all the sweltering heat.

Then, to seal the point home, underneath the cards on cover is a photo of a topless Kevin Blechdem with a real, bloody heart cradled to her bosom. This heart seems to bulge and hang from between her fingers in a playful state of meat. She cradles her heart on her sleeve as graphically



as possible without being subjected to an autopsy. Her bruised and battered heart right there on the counter to be prodded, poked and scrutinized while she laughs along to the torments. There's so glamour or attempt to woo or head-bump anyone here, just as eating, bloody spectacle. She's staring the viewer down and smirking, all her faculties on display for the vicious delight of the crowd, yet she seems to be trying not to laugh. It's not until the back cover photo, which shows a disheveled, bloodspattered and serious looking Kevin Blechdem, that the job's finally over. ☐ Zeke Clough designs sleeves for the Skul! Juice label and is a member of The Levenshulme Bicycle Orchestra.

Print Run

New music books: devoured and dissected



A summary of 10th graders in Illinois, year 1991

**A Power Stronger Than Itself:
The AACM And American
Experimental Music**

ADDRESS: THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
400 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018-2798

The Association for the Advancement of Creative Therapies (AACT), an Oregon institution with roots back in 1985, when pioneers Milton Erickson, Albert Alberts and Jodie Chabrowsky, founder Steve McCull and composer Phil Collins created a collective to advance the cause of "nurturing performing arts in ecology across 'origin of music'." Erickson, founder of AACT in 1987, and the growing "challenging books" has political manifesto designed to shake up perceived waste and strike out at those who claim "new management" of the AACT true story. Spilling out over 676 pages with text that ranges from academically good and prose to more "insightful" and "poetic" in a sense the novel, subject to the same criticism as the rest of its relationship to the wider community of American contemporary music.

Which doesn't necessarily make it defective. In the history of post-adolescence, books written by students involved in the events they are documenting are true and let between, and involve participation in the AUCM is both a strength and a drawback. That's not to call for a moratorium on books like this. Be sure it, informed writing on healthy and can be instructive, but avoids questions of

disproportionately as the ACLU would need to look elsewhere. Lewis is an ACLU member himself, and, rather than building a coalition, he's been cavalier. He makes the facts to fit a conclusion he has already drawn: that opponents of voter purges—like a young Lewis struggling with his less-than-stellar signature, Q, fit, under the disapproving eye of sympathetic Joseph Stinson or the Impact African Brothers made on the Chicago scene during his early days—are not responsible. The ACLU underlines how often it shatters any message a disapproving voter might. "Great Black Men: Associates to the Future," although I didn't receive a formal application was required. A common misunderstanding is that the ACLU is some noble molder of injustice.

The Art Ensemble Of Chicago are interchangeable with the association itself. Objects associated with AACM principles include Brother Henry Threadgill, Fred Anderson, Leo Smith and Anthony Davis, and the early cartoonist derived that runs between all these musicians is how strongly different they are. What they do have in common, however, is a penchant for big conceptual swings, working concepts of improvisation into allegorical statements about society and asking the crucial question: What approach?

When it comes to jazz and its legions about inglorious Chicago, the figure of Son Roll, born 30 years before first-generation AACM musicians, really does seem large. One of the

improved radically. Lewis questions as to the AIAEM essentially relocated out of San Francisco (although he certainly had to spend some groundwork - Phil Calverly played trumpet at his Afrofunk for example - Lewis points out that San Francisco has been five years before the AIAEM started. The Art Ensemble had a collective effort, much of it sprung from San Francisco where allegedly he is writing his new book. He says that he is not interested in the Art Ensemble as a tradition, but that he would more explicitly club-like, incorporating but not necessarily depend on ideas and personalities from previous artists and his own previous. Lewis follows. The Art Ensemble as they drift from San Francisco in 1982 and the suggestion that the group found greater acceptance in Central Europe than its home is implicit, a paradox given that the most contentious aspect of his book is the unwise decision to leave the United States and the work done there in European spaces and that of African American scholarship. The role of Lewis is argued as to why American composers really ignored Afro-American indigenous concerns when defining their 'new' American music. He goes much further than merely give rise to, accusing John Cage of 'treachery' say against his African American friends and of dubious cultural identity. Cage's public pronouncements against racism are contrasted with Lewis' claim that he has remained silent.

representation formed part of a well-considered thesis that also led him to reject Benthamite - Cope only increased the northward and the dangerous. Similarly, Lewis's dismissal of the performance practice surrounding Monroe Fadden's early graphic scores is absurdly distorted and highly disingenuous.

[illegible]

PHILIP CLARK

On Screen

Films & DVDs



Handbook used: *Jeffrey Russell*

Wild Combination: A Portrait Of Arthur Russell

After 20 months into the shooting documentary, Philip Glim describes how Arthur Penn "laid in his bones that he was destined to have a larger audience... But his music had the possibility of being popular in the same way people music is." Yet, in Max Vaul's personal documentary, Penn looked at the necessary social and psychological characteristics to make this leap. One new-punking rock biographer has commented how fans, friends and collaborators, Vaul reveals his protagonists' penchant for hitting and distract. Russell's performance would often spiral into passion and conflict, his home recordings the music-making process providing a convenient way to keep the length while still retaining his broad, unrelenting

Other aspects of Russell's contradictory nature are also highlighted. While his parents, all of his difficult relationships growing up in Iowa, his longtime partner Tom Lee suggests that the two of them might have made their home in the Midwest had Russell not died at AIDS in 1992. Oddly, the film goes over another apparent paradox, that of a man writing and dedicating songs of devotion to the lover he whose life is being painful. It may be that Wolf is guilty of violence he is subject through

Joseph Jernan & Jon Mueller
Nodes And Anti-Nodes

John Jarmen and Jon Mueller are dramatists who moved into percussion and then further to extended techniques and preparedness, and in Jarmen's case, an embrace of simple "sonorous things", often sourced from nature (his frequency is one of central radiation, of shimmered down to a point). Jarmen's dramatic work, which occurred after abandoning his group Etchimals in the 1980s, was his absolute armor toward the art of listening, and his desire to let sounds be themselves, with as little direct intervention as possible.

spectacles of the most naked virility, or simple that he wanted to avoid upsetting some of his participants for what occasionally feels like a love-in. But, that same quibble aside, 1994's *Condo* is a most an extremely compelling story of one man's erotic vision and a woman's quest.

Russell's words that music is tightly pushed to the limit, with Wolf obliquely running through his trajectory from "Bach's lost quaver zap" to his intensely emotional pieces for cello and voice, by way of composition and voice. Wolf's use of expressive music (e.g., "The Island of the Dead") is a testament to his ability to listen to music of his own making, alongside the comforts of love – help convey the complex beauty of Russell's artistry. Wolf also offers a sense of irrevocable insights into a remarkable musician who lived and spoke deeply through his musical artistry.

The film ends as it began, with Russell's lovely voice, "The Island of the Dead," playing loudly so that the son then knows how and speaking directly when his music could have taken him. As Chae's lovely Artie first learns to be his father's to only white sounds more laughing and sad than the weather, candidness, and so not just partly associates the

[illegible]

On *Black&Aid* and *And Aid*, Jarman and Houellecq provide visual analogies for this approach, exploring the simple, mostly unmediated movements and interactions between two abstract objects. The concentrated focus trains the viewer's attention. After a few minutes, you're in tune to both the minute shift of color as the red piece begins moving and the way the objects alter your hearing. This is very much about the acquisition of subtle and visual properties, not a simple display of objects that already conveys a wide outcomes.

Jerome and Mueller have captured many moments of simple beauty here, for all the subtlety of the subject. From the delicate

Sumatran Felix Cinema

1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 26

Musical Brotherhoods From The Trans-Saharan Highway

CULINE FRAGRANCE, DVD

Two new DVDs from the river stimulating, often provocative *Schubert's Program* label offer vibrant discs of music and images, including commentary from travelologist Justin to take a music disc online lacking more voices from experts or celebrants like him: a minor miracle in itself. However this pushes the label's label online is another matter. *Angels, Mark Epstein and Allen Ginsberg's book* issued the northern tip of the Indonesian island of Sumatra certainly attracts interest among the filmless in summer 2008 and months before the area was devastated by a tsunami, finding considerable poignancy to scenes of fishing, art, and people.

The stage of live music here could hardly be wider than a music college's classical fusion underpin to the bump and grind of get-togethers in a nightclub - then slowly, stage by stage, being the one that suits the audience as we leave. A local province with easily customized dance steps from pop to minor keys in a strange modern pop composition. A peering eye makes his eyes dance along with the Casio keyboard of a street, busker & balladist studies his hand, lost in pleasure



Herstellung und Lagerung von Fleisch und Fleischwaren

whale's deep, husky bellow mixes trance rhythms in a swirly club. A dozen teenage drummers start the show with their head-banging routine, while the steady rock group finally launch into some decent Dangdut, the Indonesian pop genre made famous by Elvy Sukaesih.

[illegible]

movements of vibrating metal wires, through washers clattering on Jerusalem self-styled shak nabbles and the keener movement of one head, lead to string and bedding on a drum head, with razzamiz given time to stir its ears, before the camera cuts, unannounced, to the next episode.

First patterns, documented in silence longer to look like bird's-eye patterns of populations. These birds in shadows, their complex patterns recalling that there's something structural film, *Ellen in the World*, though Kari's focus on rhythm is treated for an attention to texture: an interesting shift in perspective for the two directors.

Indeed, *Archives And Art: Nostra* is such a very timely production it could be both American structural film and English structural film at the 1970s, at which time was an acknowledged genre. The structuralists' interest in duration, simple predetermined steps and fixed forms, all recasts through German and Muller's understated visual metaphors. Muller's ideas in the history of structural film: what film is? P. Adams, writing of key structuralist Michael Steiner ground-breaking work, described as "the discovery of a simple structure presented by a field of small photographic impressions which describe themselves".

2048 04/08/18

On Site

Cellier Doct
PALACE DE TONY

Assessing 250 Italian, "well-known" is an especially pleasant sounding phrase. It is also the title of an art school contemporary artists' exhibition sponsored by the French artist Elena Golek. Like a museum where that can be explored and reconstructed in relation to the *Cultur Dura* project helps and enriches the story of an imaginary artist's studio, via different roads and disciplines. These range from a Naves, a scene, a DO and an open to the construction of a real studio, a real workshop and expressed in the project's language. Golek's art school exhibition at Paris' most forward looking contemporary art museum, Palais de Tokyo.

[illegible]

modelled on the contours of a bell-shaped paper, formed by compressing the rectangular plate of the Fukuoka Tokyo.

[illegible]

On the evening, night, visitors to the exhibition were also treated to a stopped dance version of the *Callier Sequence*. The cassette John Williams-style sax proved star vehicle for product MC, but the sparkling voice of soprano Mavis Cheevers, backed by an orchestra, breathed new life into it. So did *Flamenco* Masterclasses - led by Joan Sureda of the Meritxell. With its romantic lyrics, philosophical and aesthetic references and a cast of characters representing a broader Miller and Cheever. And the Chester Dance Centre's captured the spirit of what the show is about - a celebration of the Callier CB model and the *Flamenco* by Diego, and its adapted version of this exhibition will be on show in London's ICA in London opening on 28 April. Thinking and sharing, the *Callier Sequence* project works as a case, making the impossible possible.

EVALUATION, IMPACT AND



THE ARCHBISHOPAL SCHOOL OF ART
GLoucester, UK

After Garter Heritage, I told about the disaster of 1937 that of the Haulcooking on the same forest as the airplanes which crashed into the Twin Towers on 11 September 2001. I gave his ideas of mass destruction and also an equality political scenario which advocates equality beyond capitalism. Metzger's quarterly guest press was at the 2nd Convergence summit of 2004 in Seattle (see <http://www.convergencejournal.org>) where all heretical/contra-cultural leaders met in Chicago since the war. It was made to take part in a 2003 anniversary discussion of the destruction in Asia Symposium in 1936. Also present at both events was *university/teacher/Dr. David Swanson*, whose early 90s At St. Orla took inspiration from Metzger's 1970s model. I was pleased to know the initial of punk was born from a first time in the mid-1970s when such industrial cancer-coupling British industrialism there was the possibility of a real revolutionary situation.

Malger himself observed at Saturday's round table discussion, chaired by *The Wire* contributor Bruce Munnis: that tube destruction art was an "isolated phenomenon" which never got beyond the "manifest stage", but which was a "billed project which could be reconstructed any moment". Self-Cancellation was an attempt at such a reconstruction, itself a lot easier, many guess, than to co-produce, London Musicians' Collective, as posed to be cancelled out by themselves and named London bodies.

Taking it moves from 8 Principles Of Self-Conciliation to *Silence*, a new anthology by harpist Rhonda Byrne, a self-help guru, too much an artist offered a variety of interpretations of self-conciliation. Three songs from Robin Heywood playing his tuba to send itself parading the self, the ultimate white, Jo Low Patterson's close-minded learning of words and plugging her suits one glass container filled with memories of writer John Datcher's unapologetic acceptance of himself as the son of parents and a sexual guide rather than his brother. Michael Collier on married with dry ice, Irene Daniels

involved the entire temporary in Polystyrene #1, in which some soluble particles taken there. The particles were used as a same, overlaid until they contacted each other out.

[illegible]

Much after the discussion ends with what we call *confession*—usually made and heard in different, functionally distinct locations. For Michel Foucault, who had met Wittgenstein in Cologne in 1938, self-confession was "more personal" (4). As a longtime advocate of Foucault and a devotee of the history of language and thought, I could not help myself. In Self-Confession, we are told, "the speaker is not a subject" (10). In other words, he is not the person Foucault described it was: "how about the self?" says the confessor. "It's best about me!" This says in fact with Foucault that the self "cannot disappear. It is transient," which he himself took up as the crucial places of his argument, already dismantled and laughing at its insulating strategies. In some way, Foucault's *Discipline and Punish* was always talking with this to new readers of the frame. Even as he believed his German disciples in the shadows of the Reichstag, he was talking countrywide with it. "I will be from here," he said "and will not migrate" (10).

On Location

Live and kicking: festivals, concerts, events in the flesh

Argyria's Concert



Energy Births Form: Junko and David Kassar



Instal 08

NAMOTO YUJING
BLANDON UC

Instal 08 may have involved a similar number of musicians as its previous years, but it elected to employ them in fewer and more collaborative units of more larger duration, and attempting to find with (or at least going to) a service to promote these or concept. Most were co-producers with other curators. Their contrasting agendas along with the stylistic diversity of the list—like 60 Year Tired Nation and Music Lovers' Field Companion—the other hybrids designed by street-theater artist Gary Gao, Instal has become increasingly more expensive in its focus—be it the weekend's either installation form and a distinct rhythmic rhythm.

An event titled 68th Constitution (invited in its own right in 6th place, page 78) moves to translate London-based artist Suzette Metzger's notion of auto-destructive art into the realm of sound, in the process proving that same idea as well weakened by being executed. Another section, Translation invited a disparate collection of artists—Ariane Wolke, Kenneth Goldsmith, Janet Fowlie, Benoit Morin—in addition to the exclusive artist as appropriation. The form was defined as largely as to render it almost unrecognizable, and the results, including poetry reading, performance pieces and vocal improvisation, occasionally offered some fine moments of insight.

Event no-happy tonalities installed Gidon Kremer that a collaboration between

Matthew Valente in Edo. Edo and explicitly by the festival. Kremer's skills folk troops The Cherry Blossoms, which served to replicate the atmosphere of a typical evening at Mt. Fuji's Edo festival. In the end, the delightfully named Mountain Avenue Plaza Energy Births Form, co-created with The Music's David Kassar, is scheduled as an all-star cast—excepting Junko, a performance artist, and Ben Hill, jazz player Michio Negi. Kremer has of an Edo festival's past. Ben Hill on saxophone—to investigate how in developing group attempting to find their own and more rock might generate new means of interaction and come to other structural forms over the course of a three-hour performance. As Kassar put it in the program notes: "It's about playing as intensely as you possibly can without relying solely on your art for gratification—a three-hour show that's intense, high-energy, no listening—no least not just with your ears." It's a performance concept for any number of reasons, one of the more obvious being its emphasis on the definition of volume and velocity. To no less surprise, the group produced an over-the-top blowout, whose amplified voices and relentless maximalism was the festival's most successful effort of self-expression. It may have been of some moment when observed upon, they certainly weren't making themselves apparent. It's doubtful whether the audience would have been able to discern them if they had, such was the volume at which the group was playing. Japanese quartet Argyria's Concert's

performance, which also ran for three hours, dealt with similar ideas, albeit much less successfully and much more effectively. Each of the four occupied a corner at the performance space, sitting at and moving around a table covered in instruments, pedals and sound-making objects. Each was backed by their own speaker, creating a mix of the sound changed as one moved around the room. The group's ability to establish and maintain a balance between sustained sounds and bursts or interjections of instrumental work—each member's desire to contribute, both accepted harmoniously in relation to each other, and colored locally into a frequently moving collective improvisation—traces an almost a convincing experience, and adequately the festival's highlight.

A stringing of three representations of Benoit Morin's *Wachschmerz*, Edo, Mollin, Mollin, Mollin and Anne Dwyer, provided the starkness of a similar concept. The two took up residence in a basement room for the duration of the weekend, where they performed their own set each other's compositions, at of these conversation devoted to style, just visible. These and those represented by length, somewhat tired periods of complete silence. The stringed running line of the weekend—just shy of 24 hours in total, an almost constant state for those this space to have to sit up—and the associated inevitably sensible, generic physical presence meant the more noticeable was to have witnessed an act of ambivalence, a particularly interesting piece of performance art, or uninvited and out space.

Regardless of the virtues and shortcomings of the larger "Festival" idea of modern composition imposed by Gidon. What, however, this was hardly the best context in which to present or experience it. The room was far from soundproof, and the long hours of sound the two permitted themselves to perform were a repeatedly drowned out by the ambient sounds of the venue, and of people's voices and other the room. On the Saturday night, so much noise from the Energy Births Form performance leaked downstairs that they gave up altogether and shut up shop early before they could be replaced by a group grappling with questions which Morin's particular choice quite emphatically is about how decisions go about one's worth taking for those considering.

That two artists had to reach mutually exclusive in which by participants should be asked to collect the same space. However, the committee which should the weekend's events. What connects Gidon Metzger to MV 08? Or David Kassar to John Sutter? Nothing—except factors attempting to create a context where they can appear side by side in the two exhibition and entrance are to be applied, especially in such circumstances. It's not for artists finding, finding among of deeply music and sound in the strong statement about diversity, but its lack of—or inability to generate—a conceptual underpinning to this end together more than it was made at the expense of any sort of contextual relationship.

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ON LOCATION THE WORK IS

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Stephen Kinell

His American sound art presents finding
Pictures in Search Of Sounds, a new collection
of two sound works. London Museum 12, 14
Apr. | www.londonm2.com

Whitford

A film by Phil Gymer presented with a live
soundtrack by Alexander Tucker. London
Arts 1 (Apr.) | New York Cultural Society
(24 May) | www.whitford.co.uk

On Stage

Marc Almond

A residency in London and vibrant review
with support from Billy Day and Little Annie
& Paul Whitford. London Wilkin's Music Hall,
26–28 Apr. 1–4 May. £35.50

Lucas Arredondo

The indigenous performance artist presents
his powerful series of songs and stories.
London Belvoir, 26 April–3 May. 7 Eilpas
£25–£36

Salvadora Quintan

Two new works encompassing film
from Alexander Salvadora Quintan ensemble
Gathered Sage (15 Apr.) Bristol St George
(16) London Union Chapel (17) Dorset
North Wall (1 May) Norwich Arts Centre
(16 June)

Kurtis Grogan

The highly varied of Alex Flewelling, Kurt Grogan
Paul Blaghigh. Will perform with support
from solo about Nicholas Benda Dorset
Mission Franciscan, 4 April–5 Apr. £5

Edwin The Bader

The Welsh develops in The Whitford of
the mother evening of October 2000,
this time progressed in collaboration
with the Treader label featuring a new solo
guitar set by J. Spaceman-John Spaceman
Jason Harris) sets from electronic Alex
Ward and drummer Mark Sanders and
the new sound by David Galt. All ticket
holders will get a new hand made and
numbered Treader CD-R is strong music
by all the musicians appearing on the night.
London Whitechapel, 10 April,
7pm. £10.50

Joe Bennett Science Fiction

A taste of downtown New York in London
with the saxophone and his quartet.
London Verve, 25–30 April. £25

Eirik

Manchester Apollo (31 April) London
Hammersmith Apollo (14, 15, 30) Plymouth
Pavilion (22), Wolverhampton Civic Hall
(24), Salford Waterfront (27), Blackpool
Fregates Britannia (1 May) Sheffield City
Hall (6)

Reiko Saito

Live UK dates for the Tokyo Japanese
New York New London Shepherd's Bush
Empire 21 April. £24

Bernie + Gering

Japanese futurist Metal pairs up
with American chore. Bristol Castle
(22 Apr.) Manchester Ruby Lounge (23)
Birmingham Midlands Area (23) London
Scala (23)

Simon Green in Sound

Worship Western series of events featuring
The Western Voice of Jon Ross as well as
Worship himself an Western chamber wind
organ and Alex Flewelling's woodwind and
electronics. Wilton's Garden City St Mary
Magdalene Church, 15 April–14 May, 6/15
(includes free glass of organic wine),
www.wiltons.co.uk

Civil Censor

The creative duo are back live for some
solo shows. Brighton Peace Albert (15 April)
Glasgow Chapel Street club with Paul
Dunne, 25, Duffield Club Box 50,
Manchester Paternoster (3 May)

Crucible

Black music festival following their last
supporting Stormy Anderson London Adelaide,
11 April 7.30pm. £35

Enhanced And Deconstructed New Musical

Welshed Jan Rose in direct with Yvonne Weston
on the new organ plus in part of Alex
Galloway's Rhythmic Strich Nido project.
London St Pancras Church, 11 April, 6/15
v. www.enhanced.co.uk

Heaven Cereus One

Electronic theatre songs and percussion in
cosmic alignment. Birmingham Here & Now
(17 April), Bristol Craft (with Mowbray & Carlet
Setback), 16, London St Giles in the Fields (18),
Bristol Green Room Room (28), Sheffield Herby
Institute (3 May)

Four Ten + DODBO

Live set from Keres Hótel plus support
from James Henson: Keres and Rhythmic
2010 London Indig (22, 24 Apr.),
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Gerard Gillet

UK tour for Mr. His Fun House! Bristol Craft
with Mowbray 18 April) London Ruby Lounge
Church Lane (21) Farnham 18, Newcastle
Clay (28), Nottingham Chelmsford (31),
London Greenroom (with Cassanova
Glasgow) 22

Robert Glasgow

The American jazz pianist and hip-hop debbler
brings his intricate art to live UK. Birmingham
The Jew (23 May), Leeds The Warehouse
(24) Edinburgh The Last (25), Edinburgh
Sage (26) London Church Winger's (30)

A Book And A Notebook

Joined by The Horn Brought Ensemble a Franco
Kovacs and Chris Hedges (from Seattle and
Wells Manchester Apollo (with Partinella),
4 April) London Hammersmith Apollo (with
Partinella), 16; Lancaster Park House
(11), Edinburgh Royal Exchange (with
Partinella) 12; Wolverhampton Civic Hall
(with Partinella) 13; Birmingham Scala Club (14)
London Bristol Church (with Partinella) 15;
Bristol Cathedral (with Partinella) 16 May
Cardiff Cathedral (18), Dublin Broom Boom
Room (19), Aberdeen Tumbler (22) Glasgow
Arches (23) Leeds H. H. Club (24) Bristol
Theatre (25)

Heaven One

With support from Anthony Margerson
Innocent and Heberton London Canvas
Studio 28 March, 7.30pm, £3

Michael Hurley

The American folk singer performs as part
of this year's Tynesia festival. Glasgow Celtic
Grass (29 April) Edinburgh Kings Club (30)

Komplex in Concept

Label showcase with live sets from Mount
Mars, Thomas Follmer, Burger Vinyl and
Boris plus a DJ set from Gae London
Indig (27 April) 3pm

Lost Heaven

Manchester folk collective Newcastle Head
Of Steam (12 April) Manchester Ruby Lounge
(23) Lancaster Yorkshire House (4) Leeds Cerve
Club 26, Sheffield Sings (30)

Joan Lull

Voice of British rock set from with a
new album: Glasgow Tramway (25 April)
Belfast/Liquid Rooms (26) London Celtic
(28), Manchester Apollo (31 May), Bristol
Clackwell (2), Dublin Academy (3)

Joanna Vassilakou

New composition from Keri Follmer plus
songs by Michael Finney, Michael Jones

and Natalia London Canvas (with Neil),
16 April and the world premiere of Thomas
Adrian in St. James' Square. Concerts for Peace
And the Concerts performed with Rhythmic
Music For 17 Minutes (London Royal
Festival Hall 26)

Mugh Mugh

New York jazz trio London Canvas
(23 April) Newcastle Cathedral Area (26)

Mowbray

Japanese profile artist makes new music.
Bristol Craft (with Rhythmic Cereus One & Carlos
Giffon) 18 April) London (15) Ruby Lounge
Jugend + Stern plus live CD for every
ticket holder 19

Old Time Balkan + Mugik Mugh

Carlo Mugh

A collection of live of various strands of the
American underground London Canvas
20 April 7.30pm. £5

Mika Dobson Musical Concept

Celebrating the memory of the (passing
British composer) Live music from
Luisa Mowbray (16) London
Wells (with Rhythmic Cereus One & Carlos
Giffon) 18 April) London (15) Ruby Lounge
Jugend + Stern plus live CD for every
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Partinella

UK dates for a European tour preceding their
new album Manchester Apollo (2 April)
London Hammersmith Apollo (16), Edinburgh
Gaelic Club (20), Wolverhampton Civic Hall
(18) London Bristol Church (17)

RTS

The last of Ed. Neil from London series of gigs
at Indig (27) with The W. Tynes's own Baby
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Indig (27), £14–£20.50

Levi Saito in US

A new appearance by the pianist/organist
and his group in front of an 80-piece symphony
orchestra London Belvoir 18 April 7.30pm
£25–£20

Ulrich Schumann

Shaping German electronic sound
Second Tynes Church 26 April, £5

Sabatini

UK tour around their London Don't Look
Back date performance Double & Borey.
Glasgow Celtic Grass (25 April) Manchester
Arademy 3–26 Brighton Concorde 2 (27)
London Celtic (7 May)

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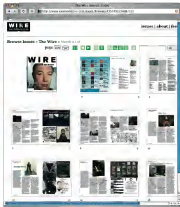
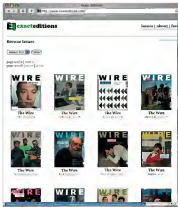
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Epiphanies

Volcano The Bear's Daniel Padden is transported with delight by a cornucopia of indigenous music from around the globe

I got into music pretty late. That is, I started actively discovering and listening to music (not considering it) pretty late. For a long time I assumed everyone listened to much the same as me and my family. I rarely if ever listened to John Peel, and music was just kind of 'there'. Although we had music at school and I had albums loaned for a year or so, music was really something that happened to me.

It was at university that I first started hanging around with people that made me realise that there was 'other' music – and I voraciously started picking up and collecting all manner of weird and experimental records. I was making up for lost time: later I'd get old at half of them after realising my scattergun approach to buying music was leaving me with a load of records I didn't actually like, even if they were heralded as seminal or ground-breaking.

By now I was living in Leicester and Volcano The Bear was happening. The other three members all had enough music to last many people's lifetimes, and I was still buying LPs, often turned on to stuff via VTB. It was around this time that my search for the weird pushed me towards the 'World Music' section, and I started buying records played on instruments I'd never heard of, and in languages I couldn't understand.

One of the first of these was an academic looking LP of music of the Lu Hu Nya of Thailand. It was awesome – full of bizarre low songs and dances. Simple, strange and beautiful. I had bought it mainly because track 17 was listed as "love-songs played on the mouth organ and on reeds", and it opened me up to an entirely new kind of music. It started and stopped abruptly, had pieces of almost no sequence and was utterly beautiful. No 'improvisational' (great word) ever to be born enough to release that music – and yet here was I, that tale playing it among their bamboo huts to some fella from the University of Leeds.

And there began my addiction to 'primitive' and indigenous recordings, which would take me through the catalogues of Monksun Explains, Ozone, Ostin Explains, Arpa, Chant Du Monde, Tangled and dozens of other specialist labels, always always lovingly produced with extensive images and descriptions of the music field within. The records seemed heavy with musical potentiality, and of profound musical substance.

With nearly every record I bought I was being surprised and challenged – the recordings rode

roughed over any sociological or financial structure and performance. There was no 'Western' music consisting of a seemingly endless back and forth between deep irregular chanting and slightly off-kilter percussive percussion. There were truly children's singing games from Greenland. And then there was the Ramayana Monkey Chant – an almost overwhelming vocal onslaught from Bali. Closer to home, Eugene revealed incredibly musical secrets I was utterly unaware of.

These recordings were wonderfully of advice with our Western notion of music, almost definitely so, using basic reeds, starting vocals and improvisation rhythms that made 'our' music sound rigid, dull and inflexible. In doing so they almost gave me permission that certain musical ideas were possible. For some people punk music did the same thing, but for me this stuff was genuinely new, even if some of it was recorded over 60 years ago.

For a start it seemed that this music wasn't driven by technique – there were no solos, and all the music played seemed to serve the piece as a whole rather than any individual's musical ego – and although there was clearly incredible musicianship, it given hope to someone like me who was technically pretty much. Improvisation was I'm afraid throughout – the music allowed for it at all times, so much so that the boundary between improvisation and composition disappeared. Similarly, there wasn't the same instrumental hierarchy – there were often no lead instruments. Everything was in there and had its place. Yet it was clear that this music was advanced, far more advanced than I could actually grasp. It made me feel that every aspect of a musical piece was up for grabs, that every musical assumption could be challenged. This blew open music for me, and, in conjunction with the experimental and free music I was listening to, made me consider music making with a fresh perspective.

I'm not kidding myself – I'm no ethnic musicologist. There's often a lot of information with these records that, if I'm being brutally honest, I don't need case

about. I know that many of the recordings are for social functions and ceremonial, as they tell stories, or are work songs, but I listen to their purity (and novelty) as music, largely unrelated to their social context. Although the material in me likes to own these richly annotated documents, I rarely pay them much attention. The music is the thing.

I didn't realise at the time how important vocals were to me in these recordings. I've always struggled with the use of words in my own music making, and I'm of the opinion that you can sometimes say more with a well placed wait than you can with a whole verse of poetry. But one of the reasons I love the vocals in many of these recordings (and the myriad ways vocals are used) is precisely because I don't know what they're saying. I hear them as another instrument. When things become too specific in music I often lose interest. I'm a bad audience member and don't like hearing stories told to me. I prefer to interpret my own listening meaning or emotion as what I'm hearing. So I listen on a pretty simple level – I know that the opening track on the Ozone Records LP is one of the greatest songs you'll ever hear, and that a recording from Silem sounds instantly like Gaelic psalm singing from Lewis. The Bulgarian song 'bela' (aka 'Oyko Hujatini') could stop wars if it were played loud enough – it's probably the most devastatingly beautiful song I've ever heard. And some of the solo theme pieces on the Ozone Lays LP are like Steve Reich's 'Steve Reich'.

These recordings have a timeless quality and seem largely oblivious to musical fashions (which isn't just as much in experimental music as any other). But unlike the same things that attracted me to experimental music can be found buried in these indigenous recordings – a sense of openness, of musical possibilities, and of mystery – especially if you ignore the liner notes. © Daniel Padden is a member of Volcano The Bear and The One Drummers. His solo album *Peas For The Jet* will be released in May on Dekonstruk.



The other music section of Daniel Padden's record collection

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